

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU



VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 75¢ 588856



ON THE
HOT DESERT
SANDS---
VAMPIRELLA
AND
DRACUL
ENCOUNTER
THE HORRIBLE
GIANT SLUG
Page 6



WELCOME TO THE TWENTY-FIRST ISSUE OF **VAMPIRELLA**, FELLOW FUN-SEEKER! FOR STARTERS, HERE'S A TALE OF DRUGS AND WOMEN'S LIBERATION... A HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME!

MIND-BENDERS!

ROXANNE SIMMONS WAS A *MODERN* GIRL! FREE FROM SOCIAL TABOOS AND SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS... A WOMAN LIBERATED UNTO HERSELF! SHE WAS ONE OF THE *FIRST* OF THE FAIRER, SUPPRESSED SEX TO ATTAIN SUCH STATUS... IN *1873*!

LOOKY THERE, JACOB!
IF THEY'DA BUILT GIRLS LIKE
THAT BACK IN *MY* DAY, I'DA
HAD BOTH FEET IN THE GRAVE
LONG AGO!

JEST AIN'T *RIGHT*
FOR A GIRL TO BE
PARADIN' 'ROUND LIKE
THAT! AN' SHE'S GOT
A *MAN'S* JOB, TOO!

ROXANNE WAS *ASSISTANT* TO THE TOWN DOCTOR...
BUT TO THE FRONTIER MEN, SHE WAS A *THREAT* TO
THEIR *MASCULINITY*...

AH, ROXANNE! YOU'RE
JUST IN TIME TO HELP
UNCRATE THIS *PAIN
KILLER* FROM BACK
EAST!

THIS HERE'S *POWERFUL*
STUFF! SUPPOSED TO LET
YOU *SEE* THINGS YOU
NORMALLY WOULDN'T BE
AWARE OF!

AND THAT'S
SUPPOSED TO
TAKE AWAY THE
PAIN!

BUT I'M *NOT* ABOUT TO
TRY IT UNLESS I *HAVE* TO!
AND THEN ONLY WITH A MAN!
THIS STUFF'S REAL *STRONG*!

MEANING A
WOMAN
COULDN'T
HANDLE IT,
DOCTOR?

TAKE NO OFFENSE,
ROXANNE! IT'S JUST
THAT YOU WOMEN
AREN'T AS *STRONG*
AS MEN!!

WE'LL *SEE* ABOUT
THAT, DOCTOR! WE'LL
SEE *TONIGHT*!



OUR COVER:
Vampirella, slowly dying of thirst, and at the mercy of a hot desert sun, requires but one thing to survive... Blood! Cover by Enrich vividly portrays our heroine as she appears in this issue's episode, page 8!

**Editor &
Publisher:
JAMES WARREN**

**Managing
Editor:
W.B. DuBAY**

**Cover:
ENRICH**

**Marketing
Director:
FLO STEINBERG**

**Production:
BILL MOHALLEY**

**Artists
This Issue:
DUBE
LUIS GARCIA
JOSE GONZALEZ
ESTEBAN MAROTO
FELIX MAS**

**Writers
This Issue:
CHAD ARCHER
T. CASEY BRENNAN
DUBE
ESTEBAN MAROTO
DONALD McGREGOR
CHUCK McNAUGHTON
STEVE SKEATES**

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VAMPIRELLA

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DECEMBER 1972**

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VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS

"For years I have criticized the lack of sex in vampire stories," writes Linda Maxwell. "I was gratified to see that others felt the same, when you finally published VAMPIRELLA!"

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SLITHERERS OF THE SAND

VAMPIRELLA finds herself in the desert, her life slowly ebbing away, as she leaves Pendragon and the Van Helsings behind to follow the only creature she desires... DRACULA!

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THE CRITIC'S CRYPT A new horror-ific column, reviewing the best in fright-features. This issue, a critique on Bram Stoker's novel, "Dracula," and Orson Welles' LP record of the 1938 "War of the Worlds" broadcast.

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TOMB OF THE GODS/LEGEND

Have you heard of Altik the Warrior, who is legend immortal? A true GOD who murdered his father, sold his mother into slavery and persuaded his lover to slit her husband's throat!

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PARANOIA Fingers of horror stretch into a man's mind! Is it madness or reality as he is pursued by beasts, men and beings from the past? What is the evil awaiting him as he slowly and silently opens the door to insanity?

44

VAMPI SHORT SHOCKER

David couldn't believe the power at his fingertips, once he read the awesome book of spells he'd discovered. Without a second thought he could transform his teachers into FROGS!

60

VAMPI'S FLAMES Profile of artist Enrich, plus a spine-chilling terror trove of stories. "... And May He Rest In Peace," a story of the boredom one feels at funerals... especially when it's one's OWN! Plus "Eternal Thirst!"

62

THE VAMPIRESS STALKS You are seventeen years old, Sandralee Devens, and you are only beginning to find out what it is like to be alone! You are lonely, pregnant, and a vampiress stalks you for your BLOOD!



"VAMPIRELLA ridicules the great Dracula legend!"

I must say you certainly tied together a lot of loose ends! The unhappy coincidence of the name Drakulon with the familiar Count Dracula is explained by claiming Dracula named himself after his planet. More, a lot of folklore is tied in nicely. Well done. One word of warning: At least once you forgot that Drakulonians have wings. In passing, though I have no doubt Drakulon as you've painted it is suffering from a blood drought, droughts just can't kill off entire planets.

MICHAEL TIERSTEIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

They can if they are alien droughts—and the one on Drakulon certainly was.

VAMPIRELLA #18 was great. The front cover was the best the magazine has ever had. "Dracula Still Lives" was spooktacular.

SCOTT SILVA
Santa Maria, Calif.

Recently I have received my Vampirella Membership Card and VAMPIRELLA badge. I am proud to declare that I am member #886. I was extremely pleased to get such a fine badge—it is, in fact, simply BEAUTIFUL. Now, all that has to be done is to get a poster of you.

As for issue #18, it was absolutely FANTASTIC!!! All the stories were good, but I feel the two best were: "Dracula Still Lives" and "The Dorian Gray Syndrome." Keep up the good work.

DAN McGINNIS
Aliquippa, Pa.

A poster of me is now available from Warren. Check my ad on the back cover.

VAMPIRELLA #18 wasn't as good as past issues for two reasons. One: T. Casey Brennan can never compete with the fantastic scripts Archie Goodwin turns out for the series. It's very annoying to see Conrad Van Helsing and Pendragon mouth long lines of information we've already read about in past issues. Reason two: There wasn't a single story drawn by Jose Bea, my favorite artist.

RON SAPP
Dover, Del.

This is to let you know how happy I am with the Goodwin-Gonzales team. I notice in #18 that Goodwin is gone—only temporarily, I hope. Belatedly or not I wish to pen my congratulations to Mr. Goodwin for the marvelous work he has done with VAMPIRELLA. The relationship between Adam and his father, the character of Pendragon, the Lovecraftian Chaos mythos, the ironic plot twists, and best of all, some lovely dialogue. If Mr. Goodwin is gone permanently, I for one will certainly miss him.

Mr. Brennan's story passes muster on the resurrection of Dracula alone. Anyone in love with Vampirelore holds a special place in his or her...well, not perhaps heart...in the marrow of their bones, for the Count. Vampires may come and go, but Dracula goes on forever. He is the king. I found Mr. Brennan's exposition of the Count's past interesting, but a bit trite. Must ALL the problems of comics' characters spring from unrequited love? Surely Dracula is above all this? I was relieved at the end of the story: let us keep the Count his powerful, arrogant, EVIL self. No psychoanalysis, no explanations, just motiveless malignancy. God forbid Dracula turn into Barnabas Collins.

And, of course, a word about Mr. Gonzales's art. He is the ONLY artist for the VAMPIRELLA saga. I love his lean, graceful people and the detail of his settings.

Congratulations and keep up all the good work.

LLOYD ROSE
Charlotte, N.C.

I must congratulate you on your magazine, Vampi. Creepy and Eerie are marvelous, but you are just wonderful. Until next issue, keep up the good work.

TIM STEPPE
Johnson City, Tenn.

VAMPIRELLA #18 is my first issue I've read. I am writing to say I enjoyed it very much and fell in love not only with yourself, but Dracula as well. You two are the same, yet different.

By the way, Vampi, I really loved your cover! It made you look beautiful! Even more than the inside did.

The story "Dracula Still Lives" is so unusual. I have never read anything so haunting, frightening, and at the same time, tender.

THERESA MUCLAYK
New York, N.Y.

VAMPIRELLA beats out Creepy and Eerie by a mile. Vampi #18 was great! Keep Dracula around for a few issues—he sure makes the stories more thrilling. Next to your story, "Kali" and "Won't Get Fooled Again" were terrific. "Song For A Sad Eyed Sorceress" was fair, and the "Dorian Gray Syndrome" was okay. Cover by Enrich was incredible.

PHIL LASKOWSKI
Clark, N.J.

Your last issue was almost perfect. Except for "Kali" and "Song For A Sad Eyed Sorceress," VAMPIRELLA #18 was a fine issue.

"Won't Get Fooled Again" had to be one of the best stories in your magazine. Aurora is among the finest artists Warren ever had, so is Jose Gonzales! Speaking of fine artists, now that Uncle Creepy has Reed Crandall working for him again, why don't you use him?

I would like to see more werewolves and vampires in your magazine. Why haven't you ever created a story about King Kong or Godzilla?

DAVID INGLE
Morris, Minn.

We would if more of our fans would go "ape" over them.

Archie Goodwin may not be currently available to chronicle your adventures, but T. Casey Brennan is NOT an acceptable substitute.

The VAMPIRELLA story in #18 was really wretched. All sorts of information that could have been given within the story was jammed needlessly into wordy thought balloons.

Mr. Brennan does not seem to appreciate the artistic value of SIMPLICITY. Compare the clean plotting of #12 and #13 with the muddiness of #18. Goodwin's Dracula was a straightforward character. Brennan's is not more subtle or more complex, just more incoherent. A proud Dracula who sins because he adheres to "the old ways" (#16) is impressive. A Dracula who falls victim to his own concern for ecology (what a dismal attempt at relevance) is just an embarrassment.

Please get a better writer to work on your stories as soon as possible.

THOMAS OCHILTREE
Cambridge, Mass.

No sooner said than done, Tom, baby.



"Jose Gonzalez is the greatest artist of all time," writes Al Giuliani of Leonardo, N.J. Scenes from Gonzalez' much acclaimed VAMPIRELLA story, "Dracula Still Lives," proves the enthusiasm is well warranted.

"VAMPIRELLA No. 18 was great!"

Issue #18 was great (as always). The cover by Enrich was the most terrifying and beautiful cover ever done. San Julian is always good, but I never knew Enrich was such a master.

Enough about the fantastic cover, and on the stories.

Vampi, I never knew how good you were until the inside story when you spared Dracula.

The rest of the stories were, as usual, superb, but I especially enjoyed the "Dorian Gray Syndrome."

May your fangs never dull.

C.L.
Jacksonville, Fla.

The latest issue of VAMPIRELLA was, to put it bluntly—lousy. The VAMPIRELLA series is getting monotonous. The Dracula legend is now being ridiculed and twisted out of context to fit the series. Now particular idiocies: The soap opera tone of the latest story. Vampi moaning over the fact she is unworthy to kill Dracula, and Dracula's origin (which is just like Superman's). The worst part about it is that Dracula himself is being cheapened. The invincible will—the commanding appearance, the cold cruel attitude, and the atmosphere of terror that he conveyed, all have been ignored or lessened to the point where they aren't effective anymore. His once invincible will is now shaky and unsure. He no longer strikes terror, but now invokes pity. This is disappointing, even in the interest of creating new story lines.

DAVE ORRILL
Hastings-on-the-Hudson, N.Y.

I am very sorry to say I just began reading your mag, because it is excellent. You are great, Vampi.

Issue #18 was terrific!!! Jose Gonzales is the greatest artist of all time. His work was superb in "Dracula Still Lives." "Won't Get Fooled Again" was second best, and "The Dorian Gray Syndrome" was third.

AL GIULIANI
Leonardo, N.J.

I was quite surprised to see in issue #18 some letters criticizing the element of love in many "VAMPIRELLA" stories. These critics can not have considered the sexual connotations of Vampirism—i.e. one body penetrating the other—the use of physical force and hypnotism—all things associated with sex and love.

For years I have criticized the lack of sex or romance in most vampire stories, and I was gratified to see that others felt the same when they finally published VAMPIRELLA. I even think your stories could (and should) be more sexual than they are. For those who don't believe in love, they can still read Creepy and Eerie.

LINDA MAXWELL
Lafayette, Ind.

The cover to VAMPIRELLA #18 was outasite!! It was beautifully brilliant with a lot of colors contained within that are not usually found on covers. And it was so realistic. FANTASTIC!!!

Now onto its contents which I have mixed feelings about. "Song For A Sad Eyed Sorceress" was surely the best story in a Warren mag for some time. And I'm not kidding. The story seemed to be placed on a much higher adult level giving it a certain air of sophistication. And the art was definitely Garcia at his best. Really a masterpiece and definitely a contender for the 1972 Warren Awards.

The second highlight of the issue had to be "The Dorian Gray Syndrome" with "Dracula Still Lives" coming in third.

Continued success.

BOB PINAH
Sayreville, N.J.

VAMPIRELLA #18 was fantastic. I liked Enrich's front cover and I felt like hanging it up. "Won't Get Fooled Again" was fantastic, and it gave me chills. Maroto's "Tomb Of The Gods" was pretty good, too.

JOHN FERNANDES
Brooklyn, N.Y.

VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB



A million readers asked for it! And here it is! The all-new VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB! With membership, you get a heart-stopping Official Full Color Vampirella Club Badge (heavy metal, high quality) AND the Official Membership Card! JOIN TODAY!

INSIDE 21

it back, relax, and once again let the squeaking doors of your mind open as you join us in another issue of VAMPIRELLA! We hope you'll be as excited as we are not only over the artwork and stories we have for you this issue, but the mighty talents that produced them, also.

Kicking off this twenty-first issue is a tale about drugs and women's liberation in the old west. "Mindbender" is the first installment of a two-page featurette replacing the old "Vampi's Feary Tales." Similar in context to the old Feary Tales, our new feature is a short, two page story in color spanning both the inside front and inside back covers. This issue's tale comes from the warped imagination of writer/artist Dube! So what more can we say, other than it's a "Mindbender!"

Our VAMPIRELLA story this issue should hold quite a few surprises for everybody. The dramatic new twists in the life of our blood-craving heroine are brought to us through the talents of a new scripter to the pages of this magazine, Chad Archer! Chad, while new to Vampi, is by no means a novice at the typewriter. Already he has earned a reputation in the comics industry as one of the finest writers around. But then, one has to be good to carry on in the shadow of such fine VAMPIRELLA scripters as Archie Goodwin and T. Casey Brennan. Artist Jose Gonzalez does his usual excellent art job on Archer's story "Slitherers of the Sand!" page 6.

Writer/artist Esteban Maroto is back again this issue, continuing his "Tomb of the Gods" series. This trip's tale,

"A Legend," concerns itself with what one must give up to achieve goals in life. It begins on page 26. VAMPIRELLA regular, Luis Garcia teams up again this issue with writer Steve Skeates on "Paranoia," page 38. Luis and Steve last combined efforts on "Love is no Game" in VAMPIRELLA #20. And rounding out this twenty-first issue is a twelve-page masterwork by writer Don McGregor, more than ably illustrated by the superb craftsman, Felix Mas. Page 62.

And just to give you a taste of what we have in store for you in VAMPIRELLA #22, there's a sneak-tease preview on page 74. So until next issue.

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY "SONG OF A SAD-EYED SORCERESS!"

In concept, "Song of a Sad-Eyed Sorceress" was intended to be an atmospheric, lyrical suspense story that examined one fringe aspect of (dare we mention it?) sexual politics. Luis Garcia's artwork certainly lends itself to establishing mood, a constant that holds throughout the length of the story. There is also a quality of poetic lyricism in its execution.

This sense of lyricism is usually reserved for works of fantasy and perhaps seems out of sync for what is basi-

cally a contemporary horror story. Certainly, there is more horror than fantasy in a situation that finds a love sequence wherein one of the members of the embrace turns from human warmth to serpentine texture; yet the build-up procedures and page lay-outs suggest a stronger leaning toward fantasy than events transpiring to result in horror. This, in turn, lends an entirely different outlook in over-all appearance.

DON McGREGOR

HELLLLP!

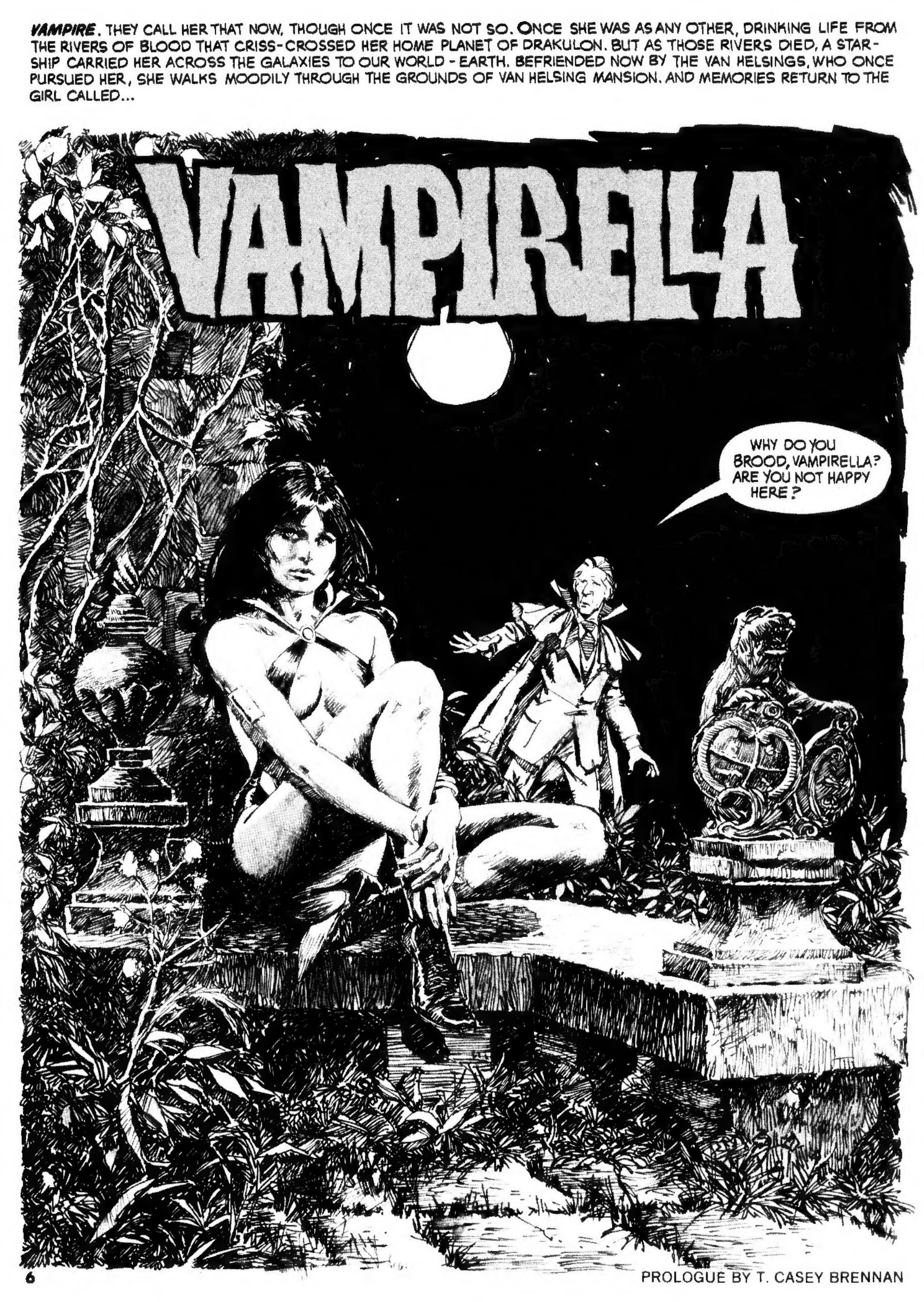
VAMPIRELLA only received 2,000 letters this morning! Doesn't anyone love her anymore? Address those letters to:

SCARLET LETTERS
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB	
P.O. Box 430	
Murray Hill Station	
New York, N.Y. 10016	
NAME _____	Dear Vampi: Enclosed is my \$2.00.
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____	
STATE _____	ZIP _____

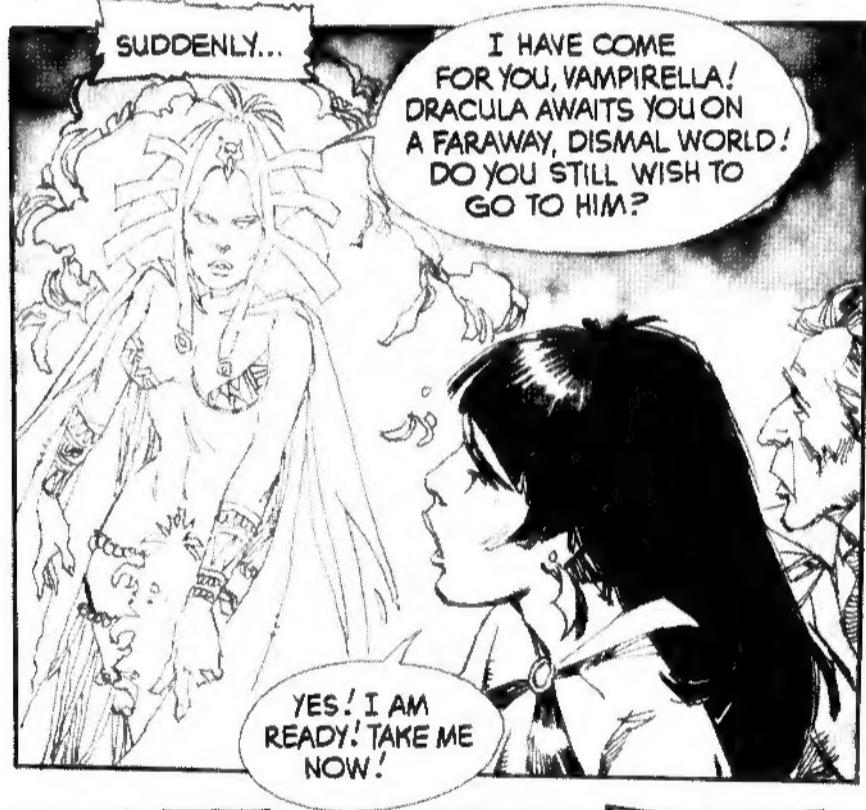
VAMPIRE. THEY CALL HER THAT NOW, THOUGH ONCE IT WAS NOT SO. ONCE SHE WAS AS ANY OTHER, DRINKING LIFE FROM THE RIVERS OF BLOOD THAT CRISSED-CROSSED HER HOME PLANET OF DRAKULON. BUT AS THOSE RIVERS DIED, A STAR-SHIP CARRIED HER ACROSS THE GALAXIES TO OUR WORLD - EARTH. BEFRIENDED NOW BY THE VAN HELSINGS, WHO ONCE PURSUED HER, SHE WALKS MOODILY THROUGH THE GROUNDS OF VAN HELSING MANSION. AND MEMORIES RETURN TO THE GIRL CALLED...

VAMPIRELLA



WHY DO YOU
BROOD, VAMPIRELLA?
ARE YOU NOT HAPPY
HERE?





THEN, AT THE COMMAND OF THE CONJURESS, A
MAGICAL BOLT OF LIGHTNING SENDS VAMPIRELLA
HURTLING TOWARD HER DESTINY...



HIS PLAN IS THWARTED AS VAMPIRELLA, TRAVELLING FASTER
THAN THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, IS TRANSPORTED BEYOND
HIS PSYCHIC REACH...



NO, NOT COMPLETELY-- FOR THEY HAVE FLEETINGLY TOUCHED NOT ONLY THE GIRL FROM DRAKULON-- BUT ALSO THOSE STANDING AT HER POINT OF DEPARTURE!

-- AND THE TANGENTIAL EFFECTS OF THE SPELL HAVE SIMILARLY TOUCHED VAMPIRELLA'S PROJECTED POINT OF ARRIVAL...

CONJURESS -- YOU SAID NOTHING OF THIS PUNISHMENT--!

ADAM! WHERE ARE YOU?

DON'T MOVE, DAD -- NOT TILL I REACH YOU!

THE SKY IS LIT UP LIKE A CHEAP SALOON-- BUT I HAVE THE FEELING I HAVEN'T IMPROVED MY SITUATION ANY IN HERE.

DAD, WE'RE-- WE'RE DISAPPEARING!

IT IS NOT MY DOING, DRACULA! IT IS A MYSTIC FORCE WHERE THERE SHOULD BE NONE--

-- AND I KNOW NOTHING OF IT!

THEN WHY ARE YOU NOT AFFECTED?

THIS IS SOME TRICK!

NO, NO--I SWEAR IT IS NOT! I MUST BE IMMUNE TO THE SPELL BECAUSE I AM A GODDESS, BUT I CAN YET--

-- SAVE YOU...



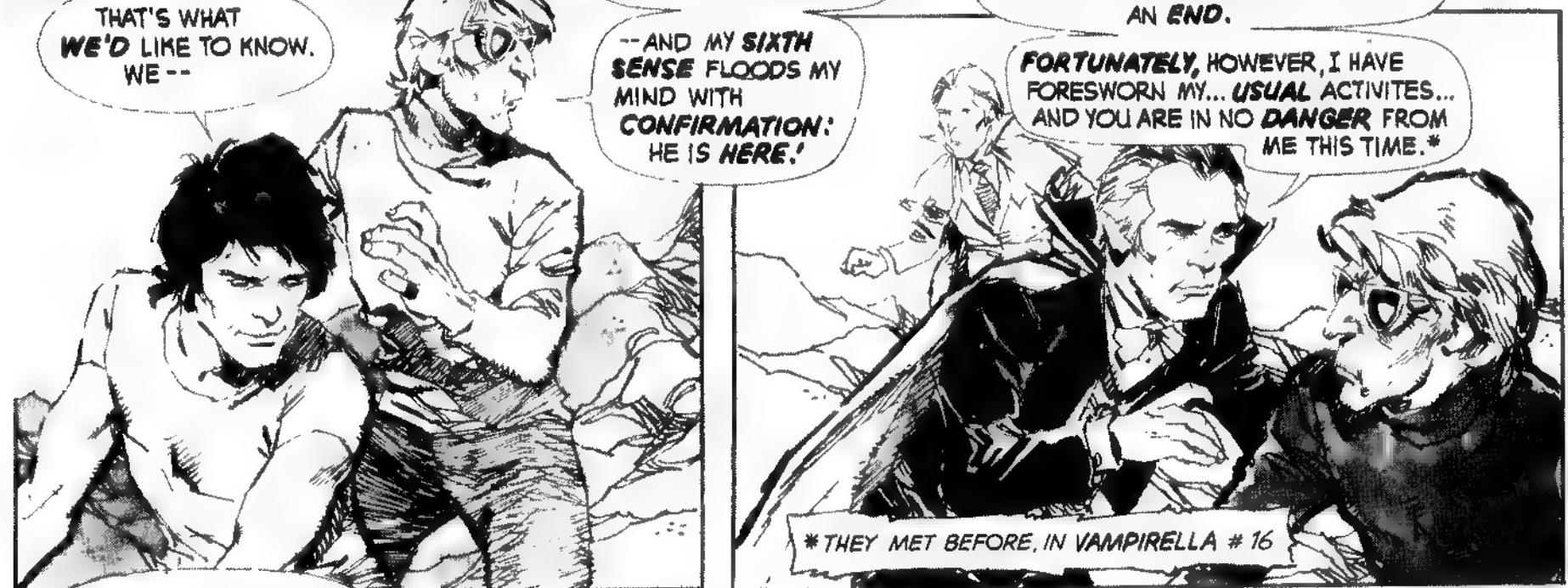
DESOLATION. TRY TO IMAGINE IT. PERHAPS YOU THINK OF THE VAST VOIDS OF SPACE. MAYBE YOU ENVISION BOMBED-OUT STREETS AFTER SOME GREAT WAR. PERHAPS YOUR CONCEPTION IS THAT OF AN ADDICT'S SOUL.

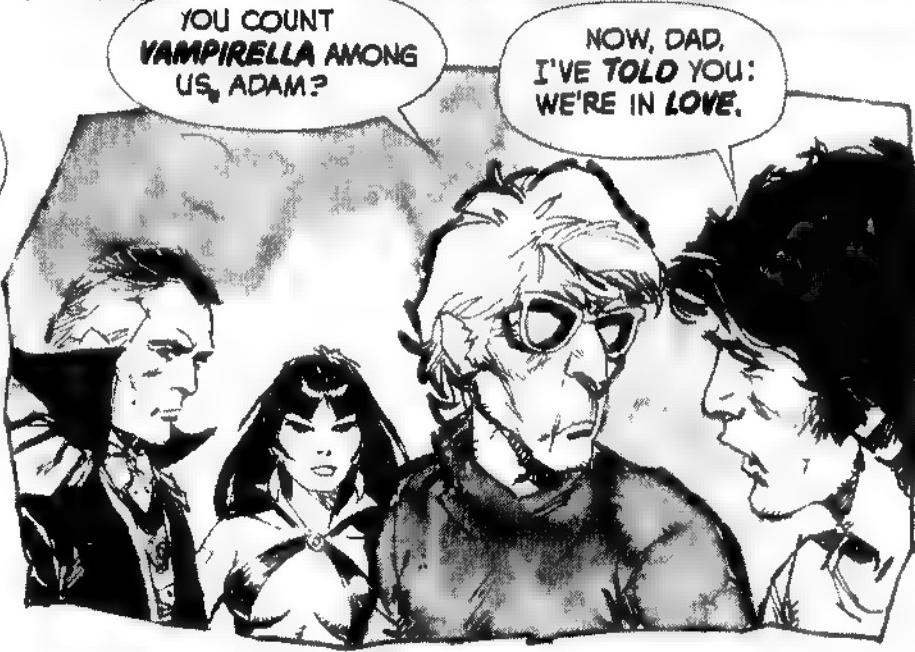
BUT YOU CANNOT IMAGINE DESOLATION-- BECAUSE YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LANDSCAPE ON WHICH FIVE SEMI-CONSCIOUS FIGURES NOW FIND THEMSELVES.

IF YOU HAD, YOU WOULD NOT BE ALIVE TO TELL OF IT...



SISTERERS OF THE SAND!





AND SO, UNDER THE UNMOVING WEIGHT OF THE SUN'S BLISTERING HEAT, FOUR MEN AND ONE GIRL DRAW CLOSER TOGETHER, TO PLAN A COURSE OF ACTION...



WE'LL HAVE TO
FIND FOOD AND SHELTER
IN THE MEANTIME, THOUGH.

LET'S PICK A
DIRECTION -- ANY
DIRECTION, I GUESS--
AND GET MOVING.

THERE ARE NO LANDMARKS ON THIS WORLD -- NOTHING TO
RELIEVE THE EYE OF SEEING SOFTLY TAN SAND EVERY SECOND
OF EVERY HOUR. EVEN THE DIRECTION THEY HAVE COME SOON
LOSES ANY TRACE OF THEIR PASSAGE TO THE SLIGHT BUT
STEADY DESERT WIND.

AND SO, IT COMES AS A VERITABLE PHYSICAL RELIEF
WHEN...

PENDRAGON!
I SEE --A
ROAD!

A ROAD!

THAT MEANS
PEOPLE!

LOOK, SOME
ADVANCED
CIVILIZATION MUST
HAVE BUILT THIS. IT'S
FLAWLESS!

AFTER MANY SUCH HOURS, THE HORRIBLE THOUGHT THAT
THEY MIGHT BE GOING IN **CIRCLES** SLIDES EVILLY INTO
EACH OF THEIR MINDS -- BUT THEY PUSH IT HURRIEDLY AWAY.

THEY PLOD ON.

A SORT OF SULFUR
BASE, I BELIEVE -- AND,
JUDGING FROM THE LACK
OF WEATHERING, IT'S
VERY NEW.

SHOULD WE FOLLOW IT?

ARE YOU JOKING,
PENDRAGON? OF
COURSE -- ONLY
WHICH WAY?

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.
IT OBVIOUSLY CONNECTS TWO
POINTS, AND EITHER SHOULD
SERVE OUR PURPOSES.

AT THE VERY LEAST, WE
SHOULD FIND SHELTER.
AT MOST, NOURISHMENT.

THEY SET OFF DOWN THE ROAD LIKE SCHOOL
CHILDREN ON AN OUTING, THEIR SPIRITS
RENEWED, AND ALL PAINS AND THIRSTS
SUBMERGED IN THE JOY OF DISCOVERY.



BUT AN IMAGE FORMS UNBIDDEN IN PENDRAGON'S MIND --
HE WHO HAS LIVED WITH ILLUSION AND FANTASY DURING
ALL HIS YEARS AS A BOTTOM-OF-THE-BILL MAGICIAN --
AND THE IMAGE IS THIS: --

--A GIRL NAMED DOROTHY AND HER ODDLY-MATCHED
FRIENDS SKIPPING DOWN A YELLOW-BRICK ROAD...
AND THE EVIL WIZARD THEY MET AT THE END.



IT SOUNDS
LIKE... A PUMP, OR
SOMETHING...

SLISH
SLISH
SLISH

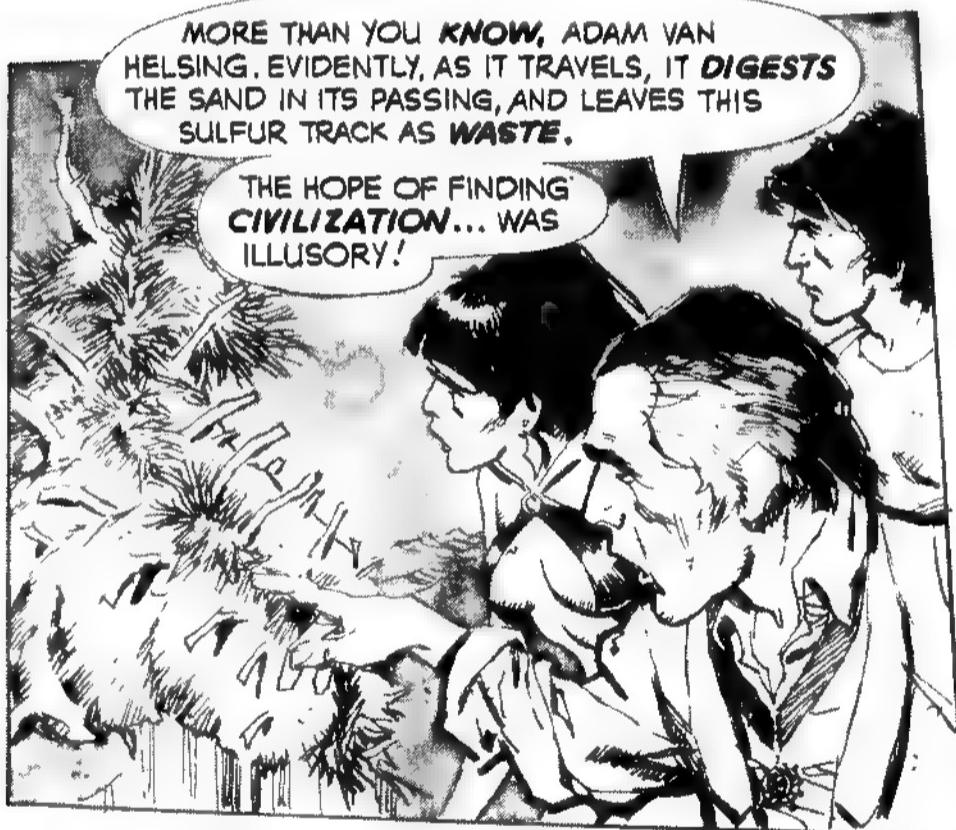
LET'S
GO!!



MY GOD IN
HEAVEN --!

GOOD
LORD!





SOUND. WHAT IS SOUND ON A WORLD SUCH AS THIS? THE WHISPER OF SAND SLIDING ENDLESSLY OVER ITSELF? THE SUCKING OF THE SLITHERING BEHEMOTH AS IT DIGESTS GRIT?

WHATEVER IT IS, IT IS NOT--AND NEVER HAS BEEN--THE VOICES OF HUMAN BEINGS--



IT'S
HEARD US!
RUN!!



VAMPIRELLA!
THE DOCTOR CANNOT
RUN AS WE CAN!
HELP ME WITH
HIM!

AND THIS WAS THE
ARCH-FIEND OF EARTH
FOR SO MANY YEARS...
THE MAN WHO HATED
THE VAN HELSINGS.

NO WONDER
I FEEL AS I DO
ABOUT HIM, NOW
THAT HE'S
CHANGED!

FOR AN INSTANT, THE COMBINED
TOUCH OF VAMPIRE AND
VAMPIRESS IS ALMOST TOO MUCH
FOR A PROUD OLD MAN TO
BEAR--



--EVEN FROM A GIRL HE HAS MISTRUSTED FOR MONTHS--
AND A MAN HE HAS HATED FOR DECADES!

PLEASE, DR.
VAN HELSING--



VAMPIRELLA--GET MY FATHER
TO SAFETY! I'LL KEEP THIS THING
HERE!



AND THEY SEE ITS FACE--ITS TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE FACE!
TERRIBLE NOT IN ITS GHASTLY GROTESQUERY--BUT
IN ITS DEEP-SET BLUE EYES--EYES THAT HOLD...
INTELLIGENCE!

FOR A SECOND, SHE STARTS TO **OBEY**--
TO TURN AND HELP CONRAD VAN
HELSING-- BUT THEN SHE **REMEMBERS**
WHAT SHE LEARNED JUST SCANT
SECONDS **BEFORE**.



EVEN AS SHE RUNS, HER SOFTLY ROUNDED
FORM SHIFTS, SLIDES OVER ITSELF--



--AND HER BODY BECOMES THE HARSH, FURRY
ONE OF A BAT!



ITS EYES!
IT HAS NO
APPENDAGES
TO BRUSH ME AWAY!



THROUGH THE LIQUID SNARLS OF THE BEAST, AND THE BEAT OF CRUNCHING SAND, SHE HEARS HER PARTY THRUSTING ITSELF AWAY, ACROSS THE DESERT.

AND AFTER A LONG WHILE, SHE HEARS... NOTHING.

IT IS THEN, IN THE STILLNESS, THAT VAMPIRELLA HEARS HORROR!



HIGH AND AWAY THE SHE-BAT FLIES, PRAYING THE RUSH OF HOT WIND WILL DRIVE OUT THE SOUND OF THAT INHUMAN VOICE--

FRIENDS SHE FINDS AFTER MANY MINUTES, HUDDLED IN THE CENTER OF A VAST PLAIN.



--AND NOT UNTIL SHE IS A SPECK TO THE MONSTER'S EYES DOES SHE BEGIN THE SEARCH FOR HER FRIENDS.

VAMPIRELLA! I HAD NO MORE THOUGHT I'D EVER SEE YOU AGAIN THAN THE FIVE-CENT TELEPHONE CALL!

CERTAINLY, CERTAINLY--
BUT HOW SOON IS
SOON?

THAT IS TO SAY, MY DEAR, THAT A THIRST QUITE UNLIKE MY ORDINARY DESIRE FOR A LITTLE NIP OR TWO HAS BEGIN TO SET UP CAMP IN MY THROAT.

ALL OF US NEED WATER, VAMPIRELLA.

NOW, PENDRAGON, THERE WAS NO REAL TROUBLE. AND NOW I KNOW THAT THE MONSTER CAN BE BEATEN IF WE MEET IT AGAIN.

WE'RE JUST BACK WHERE WE STARTED: WE HAVE TO HOLD OUT UNTIL THE CONJURESS ARRIVES, AND THAT SHOULD BE SOON

OR EVEN A TELEPHONE...

I REALIZE EARTH TASTES ARE QUITE DIFFERENT FROM OUR DRAKULONIAN ONES--BUT I'M SURE WE FREELY OFFER YOU ANY OF THE BLOOD-SUBSTITUTE SERUM MY PLANET-WOMAN CARRIES WITH HER.

MY FRIENDS, THAT IS NOT ENTIRELY TRUE, BUT I HAVE A SUGGESTION.

I HAVE NO SERUM, DRACULA.

WHAT? BUT YOU ALWAYS--!

THE CONJURESS DOES NOT PROVIDE FAVORS FOR NOTHING.

EVEN THOUGH MY THIRST WILL NOT COMPLETELY ENGULF ME UNTIL 24 HOURS HAVE PASSED, I WILL SUFFER, TOO.

I WAS TO LEARN TO LIVE WITHOUT BLOOD AT THE END OF MY JOURNEY, JUST AS YOU ARE DOING.

VAMPIRELLA, WHAT
IS THIS JOURNEY YOU
MENTIONED? WHERE
YOU GOING?

IT DOESN'T
MATTER-- NOT
AT THIS TIME,
ADAM.

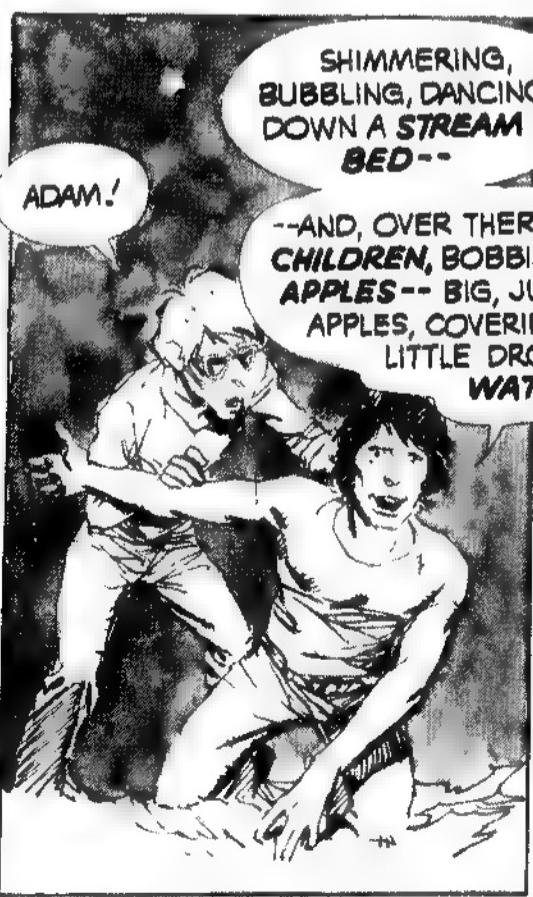
WE'LL
TALK OF IT
LATER. I
PROMISE.



WITHOUT FURTHER WORDS, THE FIVESOME BEGINS TO WALK AGAIN-- ALWAYS HOPING FOR SHADE, FOR SUSTINENCE... BUT FINDING ONLY THE BLAZING GLARE OF THE SUN ABOVE, AND THE JARRING GLARE OF THE SAND BELOW, CUT EVERY SO OFTEN, NOW, BY THE DARK TRACK OF THE CREATURE.



AND THE GIRL THINKS DARK THOUGHTS...



NO, DR. VAN HELSING.
WE WANT TO HELP.
WE DO.

ADAM--?

WHO--? OH, VAMPIRELLA...
AND DRACULA. DRACULA OF
DRAKULON. DRACULA
OF DRA---

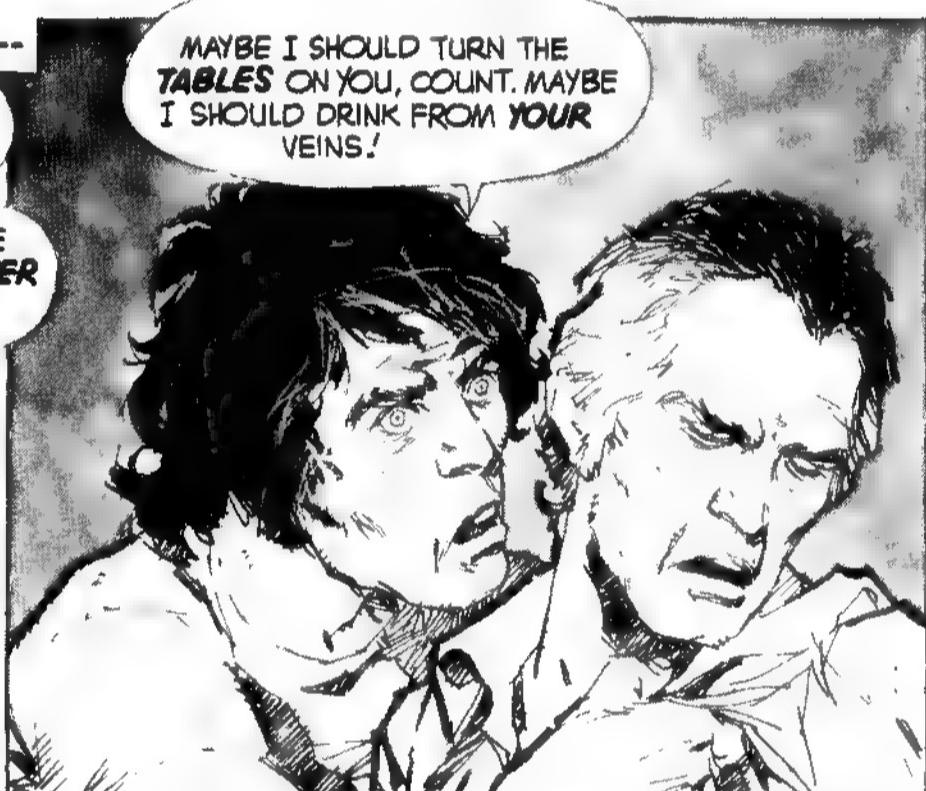


SUDDENLY, THE RISING SING-SONG OF ADAM'S VOICE SNAPS---

DRAKULON! ON EARTH, WATER RUNS IN THE
RIVERS, AND BLOOD RUNS IN THE VEINS. ON
DRAKULON, BLOOD RUNS IN THE RIVERS...

...SO THERE
MUST BE WATER
INSIDE YOU!

MAYBE I SHOULD TURN THE
TABLES ON YOU, COUNT. MAYBE
I SHOULD DRINK FROM YOUR
VEINS!



NO, ADAM!
LISTEN TO
ME!

WE HAVE BLOOD
IN OUR VEINS, TOO...
NOT WATER, BLOOD!

SO WE DO,
VAMPIRELLA.

AND THOUGH THE YOUNG VAN
HELSING'S LOGIC IS FAULTY, HIS
HYPOTHESIS IS PERFECT.



DRACULA--NO!
YOU CAN'T MEAN
IT!

I TRIED, VAMPIRELLA--
I HONESTLY TRIED.

BUT WHENEVER EVENTS GO
AGAINST ME, I GIVE IN. WITH
LUCY WESTENRA, NOW-- THE
HUNTING URGE IS TOO STRONG
TO RESIST!

JUDGING FROM THESE
EXPERIENCES, IT DOESN'T SEEM
AS IF I HAVE MUCH CHANCE OF
SUCCESS WITH AUSTINENCE--

* SEE "WHEN WAKES THE DEAD"--VAMPIRELLA # 20.

IN MID-AIR, DRACULA BECOMES A BAT-- AN
OVERLY LARGE, MALIGNANT CREATURE OF THE
DARK, OBSCENE AGAINST THE PITILESS SUN!

-- SO THE
GAME IS OVER!
THE REAL DRACULA
LIVES AGAIN!

THE BLOOD SLICKER LUNGES, BUT IT IS ONLY A FEINT!

BUT VAMPIRELLA IS NOT UNPREPARED!

I'VE GOT TO
KEEP HIM AT BAY--
AWAY FROM ADAM
OR THE OTHERS!

BUT HE'S
SO BIG, SO
FAST---



BACK AND FORTH THE TIDE OF BATTLE FLOWS--
--AND IT CARRIES A COMBAT NOT SEEN OUTSIDE
OF DRAKULON SINCE TIME BEGAN!

BELLOW, PENDRAGON WATCHES INTENTLY, ADAM WATCHES
DIMLY, AND HIS FATHER LISTENS-- ALL CAUGHT AGAINST
THEIR WILL BY THE GRACEFUL BEAUTY AND CHILLING
SHRIEKS OF THE DEADLY DUEL.



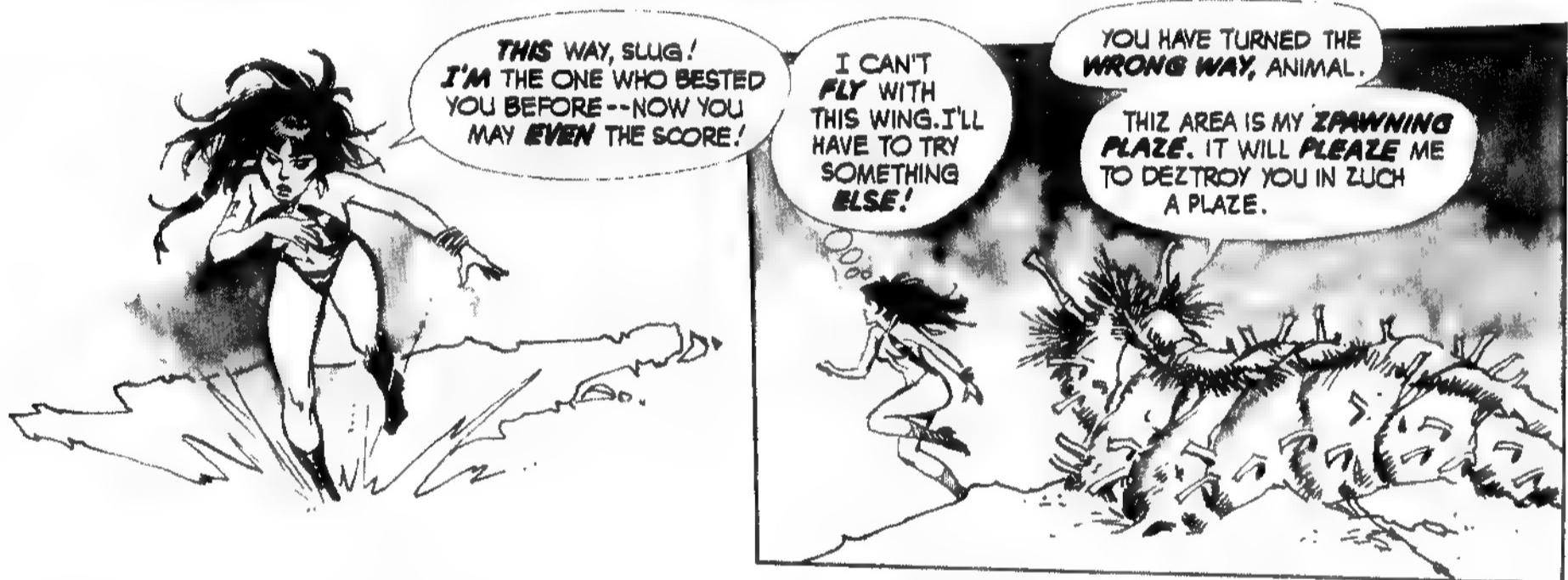
THEN--







THERE IS ONLY TIME FOR A SINGLE TEAR TO WELL FROM VAMPIRELLA'S EYE --A TOTAL WASTE OF MOISTURE, AND YET
TOTALLY UNSTOPPABLE -- AND THEN SHE AND ACTION BECOME ONE!



THE GIRL SAYS NOTHING. SHE MERELY RUNS.
WEAKENED BY EXPOSURE, BY THE PAIN OF
AN INJURED ARM-- SHE RUNS!



Straight and true she leaps -- toward the area most completely covered by the monster's ancient tracks.





THE FINAL SHOCK WAVES OF THE SLUG'S DEATH-THROES HAVE NOT EVEN QUIETED BEFORE VAMPIRELLA RUSHES PAST IT.

HER LEGS MOVE MORE SLOWLY THAN BEFORE. SHE KNOWS THAT NOT EVEN HER UNEARTHLY STAMINA CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE.



AND THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO AN UNSPOKEN PRAYER...



NO... I DON'T.

WHAT I FELT FOR HIM...
WAS A FORM OF
HOMESICKNESS,
A DESIRE TO BE
WITH ANOTHER
OF MY RACE...

IT COULD
NEVER... HAVE
BEEN... LOVE.

SO BE
IT!

DRACULA WILL
GO WITH ME TO REALMS
UNKNOWN -- AND YOU
OTHERS WILL RETURN
TO YOUR WORLD!

ABRUPTLY, THEY ARE IN THE **NETHER-VOID** AGAIN--FALLING,
PLUNGING, PLUMMETING TOWARD THE ASTRAL SPHERE ALL
OF THEM NOW CALL... **HOME!**

AND THEN **EARTH** IS UNDER THEIR FEET--EARTH
PARCELLED AND NAMED THE GROUNDS OF VAN HELSING
MANSION.



BUT NOT FOR ME! THE
THIRST IS NEVER GONE
FOR ME!

THE CONJURESS KNEW
IT! SHE KNOWS HOW HOW
FRUITLESS IT WOULD
BE TO TRY TO AID
... A VAMPIRE!

VAMPIRELLA SPRINTS ACROSS THE DEW-FLECKED
GRASS... SPRINTS TOWARD HER VIALS OF **BLOOD**
SUBSTITUTE...



...AND HER FEELING OF CRUSHING ALONENESS
SPRINTS WITH HER...

NEXT: HELL FROM ON HIGH!

THE CRITIC'S CRYPT

DRACULA

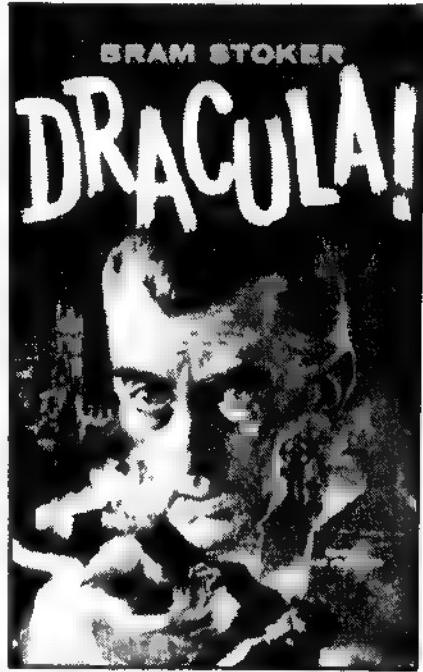
by Bram Stoker
Airmont, 75¢ 317 pages

This is one of those classics that everyone makes films about, but nobody reads. Reading the classic "Dracula" is an experience and a half—and infuriating, for one sees how relatively tame the Bela Lugosi version of "Dracula" was—as are practically all other filmed "Draculas."

Bram Stoker had certainly done his homework, when this novel was unleashed in 1897—he put every trapping of lore and bane and hex imaginable, into the book. Stoker fully developed the character of the Prince of Darkness, intermingling and finalizing every aspect of what we now consider to be a vampire's character. The fear of crosses, and wolfsbane and silver bullets and stakes, the "fact" that no vampire can enter your abode unless you let him in, the sleeping in the coffin bit, the hairy palms...all of these aspects weren't really used in "vampire" novels and yarns until Bram Stoker's book. Some aspects were old Middle European superstitions, and lore about one historical Count Drakula of the middle ages, but much of it was Stoker's own imagination.

They really ought to film "Dracula" right—the gaunt, clammy cold undead man with the bushy eyebrows and the physical strength of 20 men, who can turn into an animal at will, and command obedience of all that flies, prowls or slithers by night. Quite a character!

Read ye this classic and daydream away.



DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

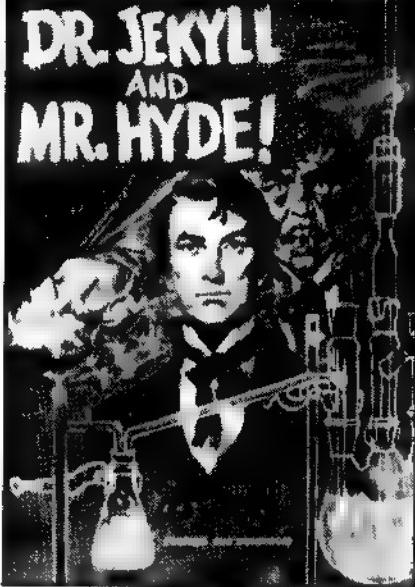
by Robert Louis Stevenson
Airmont, 75¢ 126 pages

Robert Louis Stevenson proved with this book that a good novel doesn't have to be a long one. A slim and easy to read and engrossing tale, it's inspired many a play, movie and TV adaptation, with such actors as John Barrymore, Frederic March and Jack Palance from time to time essaying the dual title role(s). The book's title became a standard term to describe a split personality, before the Freud-coined psychological term "schizophrenia" caught on.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is really one of the first "psychological novels" that bears any resemblance to the actions of the mind as we now perceive it. And everyone knows the great horrific story of the gentlemanly scientist, Dr. Jekyll, who concocts strange combinations of drugs, tries them, and unleashes all the pent-up animalistic evil within him. And everyone knows that soon the bad self, "Mr. Hyde," takes over him without use of the strange potion—very much like descriptions of maddening and dangerous "flashbacks" that people who fool around with so-called "mind" drugs today reportedly experience. What most people don't know about this strange and weird 1886 novel is how well written it is, particularly in the extracts of the journal of Dr. Henry Jekyll, where you watch his mind disintegrate before your eyes, and the "ape-like spite" of Mr. Hyde takes over.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

**DR. JEKYLL
AND
MR. HYDE!**



THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Audio Rarities
LPA #2355 \$5.98

Here, on one LP record is most of the original history-making "War of the Worlds" broadcast of Halloween eve, 1938. That broadcast by Orson Welles and his Mercury Theatre troupe literally scared the bejabbers out of thousands of gullible radio listeners, inspiring nationwide panic and mass-hysteria. Mars, it seemed, was attacking the world, and there was no way to repel the hordes of gas-spewing, heat ray brandishing, intelligent, malevolent, conquest-bent, Martian octopus critters.

Of course, it was all meant to be a harmless Halloween radio prank, a contemporary retelling of H.G. Wells's "War of the Worlds," convincingly concocted by author Howard Koch, under the supervision of the great actor/director/genius, Orson Welles. But the hoax backfired, and triggered off a mass panic and scandal within the radio industry. The resulting publicity catapulted Koch and Welles to Hollywood and to greater creative glories. Using a little imagination, one sees how people got scared. It's an excellent adaptation.

Author Howard Koch in 1967 wrote a book about the whole story, "The Panic Broadcast," including newspaper clippings and the original script. Following the script along with the record, one finds only a couple of minor omissions from the complete show, made so it could fit on one 50 minute record. It's a fine bit of trivia for nostalgia buffs, fans of old time radio, students of drama, H.G. Wells and Orson Welles aficionados, amateur anthropologists, and Martian octopi.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

INVASION FROM MARS



THEMES FROM MOVIES HORROR

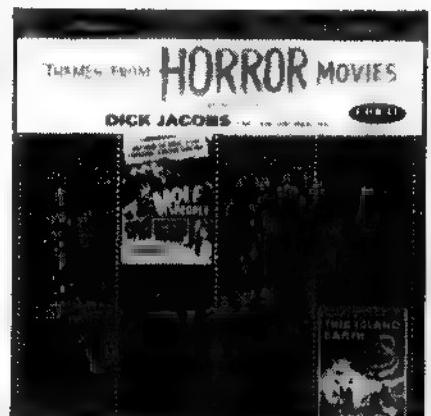
Dick Jacobs & Orch.
Coral, Stereo, \$5.75

If you want an LP albumful of good horror movie music, this is it. Arranger/conductor Dick Jacobs is faithful to the 14 soundtrack themes. No lazing it up with any of that meandering jazz stuff—Mr. Jacobs respects the composers' intentions, and energetically plays the creaky dissonances and shuddering tremolos as they were written, but with thicker orchestration. And rattling chains.

Among the film-musics this album immortalizes are: "Son of Dracula," "This Island Earth," "The Mole People," "House of Frankenstein," "Horror of Dracula," "The Deadly Mantis," and all three of the Lagoon Creature films. This reviewer's favorite cut is the queasily melodic theme from "The Incredible Shrinking Man." The term "haunting beauty" may best be bestowed upon it.

This album was recorded about a decade ago, and among the horror film composers represented on it, is a "new" fellow named Henry Mancini. Yes; THE Henry Mancini. Here are his themes from "Tarantula," and "The Creature Walks Among Us." One wonders if his great hit song, "Moon River," didn't first germinate in his head as "Lagoon River," or somesuch.

Now to the next aspect—corny humor. There's a pretty clever batch of it on the album jacket notes and the intros penned by Mort Goode, and narrated brightly in the "voices" of Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre by one Bob McFadden. A pleasantly hokey example (in Lorre's voice): "Tarantula music eats some people up alive!" Urrrp.





OPEN YOUR MYTHOLOGY BOOKS, CULTURE-CRAVING-CREEPS. THE SPEAR DEARS BELOW'LL JEER YOU, SEAR YOU, GEAR YOU, SMEAR YOU, ADHERE... AW HECK! LET'S JUST STEER ONTO...

A LEGEND

THE TOMB OF THE GODS

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF ALTIK THE WARRIOR, WHOSE NAME IS LEGEND IMMORTAL? THE VALKYRIES RODE ACROSS THE EARTH IN FURIOUS HASTE. THEY SOUGHT...

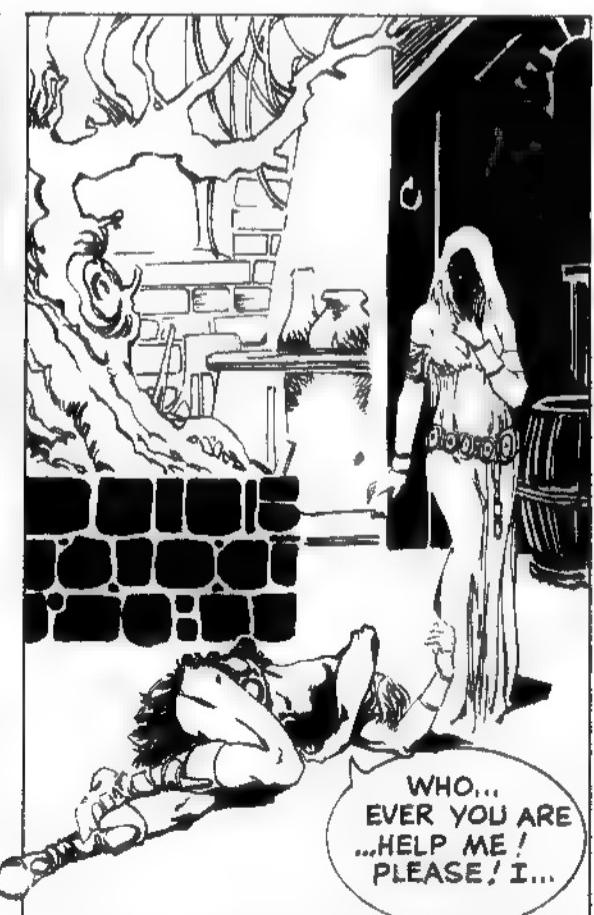


...AND FOUND!
AND THEY SET THEIR PREY UPON HIS JOURNEY.

HE REMEMBERED MURDERING HIS FATHER AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.



AND HOW HE HAD SOLD HIS MOTHER INTO SLAVERY THE YEAR AFTER.



HAVE YOU NOT HEARD
OF ALTIK THE WARRIOR
WHOSE NAME IS
LEGEND IMMORTAL?

YOU MUST
SAVE MY LIFE.
I AM ALTIK, A
BRAVE SOLDIER.
GIVE ME ALL
YOU CAN...

I AM FARLA.
I KNOW WHO YOU
ARE. AND YOU ARE
MERELY WEARY FROM
A LONG JOURNEY. I
WAS TOLD THIS IN A
DREAM. I OFTEN HAVE
DREAMS OF PROPHECY.

I DREAMT LAST
NIGHT THE OLD GODS
WERE DYING. WODEN,
BALDER, TYR, HEIMDALL.
OUR YOUTH ARE SAID TO
BE AGONISTIC, REFUSING
TO ACCEPT THEM. DO
WE WORSHIP HOLLOW
IDOLS, ALTIK?

SHOULD
I ASK MY
HUSBAND
FIRST?

COMPLICATIONS.
ALWAYS COM...
WAIT! WHAT ARE
THESE STRANGE
NOISES ROARING
FROM OUT MY
HEAD?

I SENSE
THEM ALSO. THE
GODS WHISPER TO
ME, I THINK. I
SHALL BE PART
OF YOUR
DREAM.

THE MAGIC IS SWIFT,
OVERPOWERING AND
ALL-ENCOMPASSING.
FOR THE GODS YET LIVE
AND THEIR POWER IS
MIGHTY. RAGNAROK IS
NOT YET COME.

A FOREST AT THE EDGE OF THE
WORLD. SAVAGE, NAKED FOREST
RAKED HIS SKIN WITH DAGGER
BRANCHES. AND HE SOON NOTICED
A MORE GENTLE NAKEDNESS HELD
EFFORTLESSLY BY A TOWERING
BARBARIAN HUMANOID.

BY SURTUR,
WHERE AM I NOW?
I SHOULD TRY TO
ESCAPE THAT
GIANT, YET...

ALTIK THE THIEF IS FRIGHTENED. BUT ALTIK THE PSYCHOTIC EGOIST, WISHING TO BE A HERO-WORSHIPPED, STRIDES RECKLESSLY FORWARD.



HIS SWORD SHATTERED AT THE FIRST BLOW, ALTIK REACTS WITH CHARACTERISTIC PANIC.



WELL THEN, SUPERIOR ONE! ALLOW ME TO PAY YOU PROPER HOMAGE.



HALF THE GODS OF ASGARD BELLOWED WITH LAUGHTER. HALF HELD THEIR FACES IN DISGUST. WODEN, CHIEF OF THE AESIR SENT FORTH ONE OF HIS PERSONAL GUARDS TO INTERVENE. THE TEST WAS NOT PROCEEDING ALONG HIS EXPECTATIONS.



THE VALKYRIE CARRIES FIRST ALTIK, THEN THE GIRL, TO THE FARTHEST CORNER OF A SERENE PASSION-GRAY UNIVERSE. ALTIK IS STUNNED, YET FLICKERING EYES CONCEIVE SUNS, MOONS... THE VERY FIRMAMENT... AS FARLA'S SENSUOUS FACE.



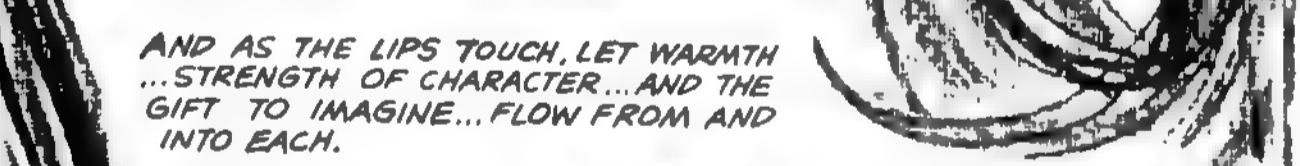
LET THE POWERS
OF THE GODS SHINE
UPON YOU. LET
HAPPINESS AND
FERTILITY BLESS
YOU AND ENRICH
YOUR SPIRITS.



MAY YOUR
JOINING BE
CONSUMMATE
WITH STRENGTH.



AND AS THE LIPS TOUCH, LET WARMTH
...STRENGTH OF CHARACTER... AND THE
GIFT TO IMAGINE... FLOW FROM AND
INTO EACH.



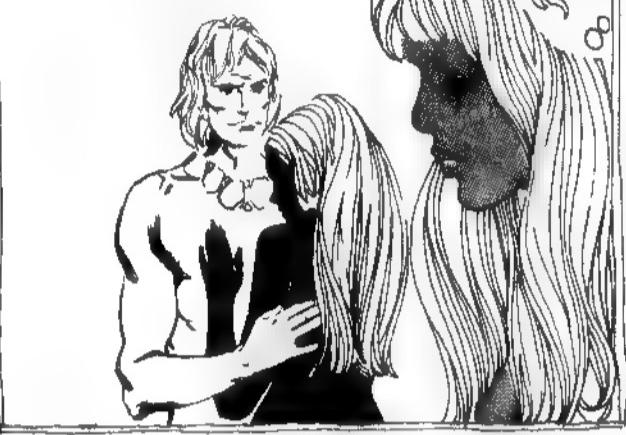
THEN, AND
ONLY THEN...
WILL YOU
BECOME
WORTHY.



WODEN HAS CHOSEN YOU, ALTIK, BECAUSE YOU ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO HIS SUGGESTION. THE GODS SEEK A DEFENDER IN THEIR NAME. YOU WILL TASTE THE IMMORTALITY OF LEGEND, SO THAT THE GODS MIGHT NEVER DIE.

ALTICK RETURNED TO THE NORSE LANDS AND IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE PEOPLE WERE MERE PUPPETS BESIDE HIM. AIDED BY THE GODS, HE MURDERED SEVERAL TRUSTING, FELLOW THIEVES, AND WAS PROCLAIMED A CHAMPION.

THEY PRESENTED HIM WITH A HOUSE ENORMOUS BANQUETS, UNLIMITED PRAISE, AND A SWORD OF SOLID GOLD. ALTICK ACCEPTED ALL IN THE NAME OF WODEN.

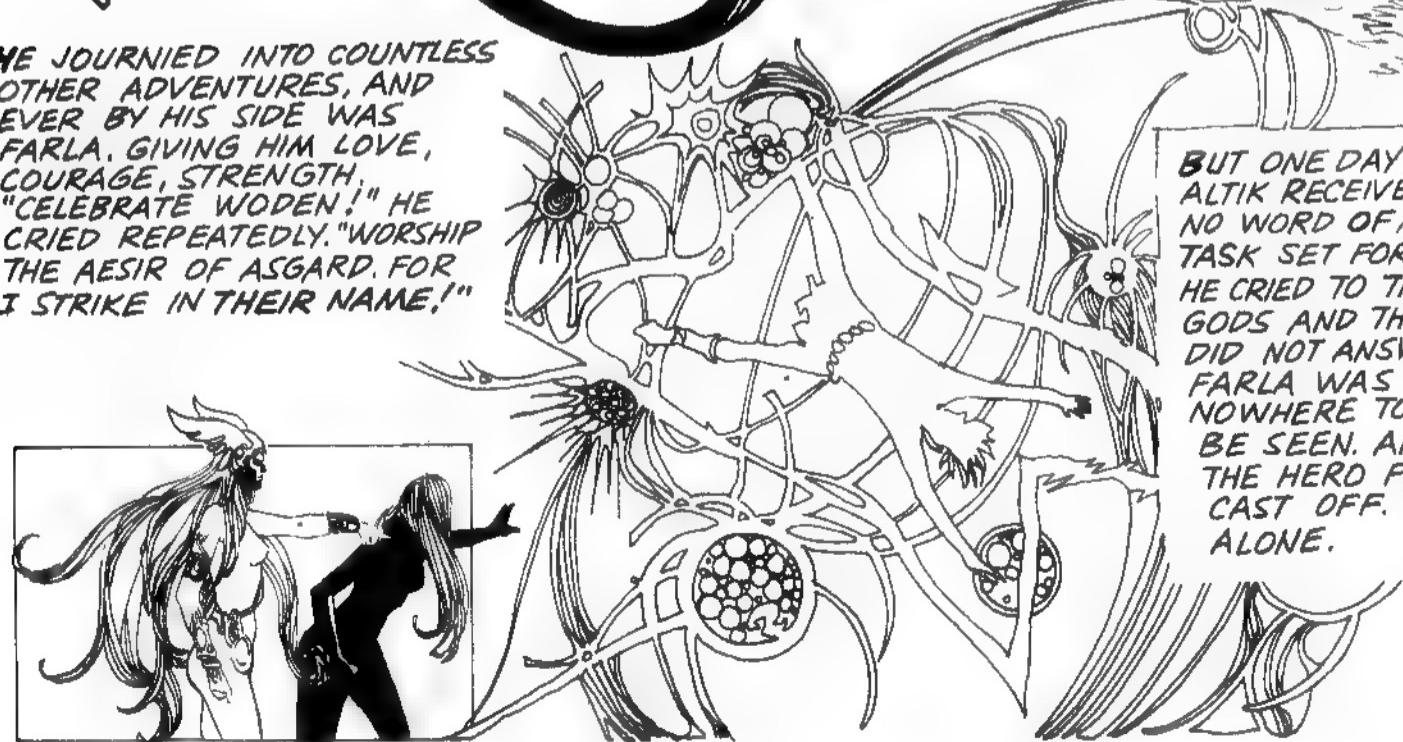


HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF ALTICK THE WARRIOR, WHOSE NAME IS LEGEND IMMORTAL?



A DOCILE PET (BUT OF MOST UNPLEASANT APPEARANCE) WAS TRANSPORTED FROM ASGARD TO EARTH. IT GRAZED IN THE FARM-FIELDS AND DROVE THE PEASANTS TO PANIC. WORD WAS DISPATCHED TO THEIR CHAMPION.

ALTICK FOLLOWED WODEN'S INSTRUCTIONS. CHOKING DOWN VOMIT, HE BATHED IN THE DRAGON'S BLOOD, AND THE PEOPLE CHEERED...



BUT ONE DAY ALTICK RECEIVED NO WORD OF A TASK SET FOR HIM. HE CRIED TO THE GODS AND THEY DID NOT ANSWER. FARLA WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. AND THE HERO FELT CAST OFF. ALONE.

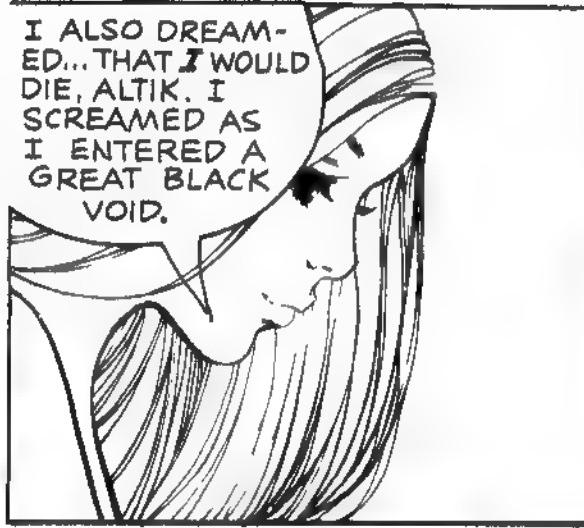


DARK DESPAIR-CURSES ROBBED ALTIK OF HIS SENSES. HE VOYAGED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

YOU LIE STILL AS DEATH, WARRIOR. PERHAPS IT IS BEST YOU DO NOT YET HEAR WHAT I DREAMT LAST NIGHT. RAGNAROK HAS COME. THE AESIR FOUGHT AMONGST THEMSELVES AND ALL LIE DEAD.



I ALSO DREAMED.. THAT I WOULD DIE, ALTIK. I SCREAMED AS I ENTERED A GREAT BLACK VOID.



I HEARD THE WAR-SHOUTS AND DEATH-CRIES OF THE GODS. CAN WE NOW EXIST WITHOUT THEM? ARE HUMANS NOW LOST...OR FREE?



GORHEIM'S ANGER SCRATCHES DEEPLY INTO CRAGGY, ICE-HARD FEATURES AS HE ENTERS THE HOUSE HE BUILT WITH TWO IRON HANDS. RETURNED FROM A HUNTING TRIP IN FAR LANDS, HE HAS HEARD OF HIS WIFE'S NEW COMPANION.



THIS IS ALTIK WHO HAS COVETED MY WIFE IN MY ABSENCE?

THAT IS ALTIK, CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE, SENT TO ME BY THE GODS.



I HAVE TRAVELED WIDE, SEEN THE TRUE STUFF OF MOST HEROES. DECEPTION. EGOISM. GREED. MEN ARE WISE TO SEEK CHAMPIONS, YET OFTEN UNWISE IN THEIR CHOOSING.



OUR "HERO" MAY SPEND ONE MORE NIGHT HERE ...ALONE! ON THE MORROW, I THROW HIS DAMNED CARCASS OUT! THIS IS MY HOME, AND I DEFY EVEN WODEN TO UPSET IT OR ATTEMPT TO CAST ME OUT!



NORSE NIGHT DESCENDED, A FLOWING CURTAIN OF ICE-GLOOM CHILL.

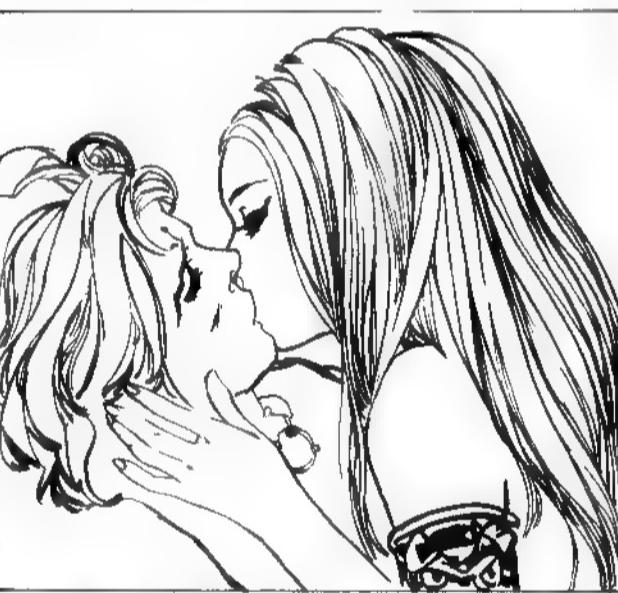
HE FOREST ME FROM YOUR WARMTH, FARLA. LET US NOW RETIRE. PERHAPS I SHALL LEARN IF YOU STILL LOVE ME.

HOURS CREEP BY SOFTLY, FARLA SLITS THE THROAT OF HER SLUMBERING HUSBAND WITH HIS OWN DAGGER. HER PASSION FOR ALTIK IS GREAT.

ALTIK! I BESEECH YOU, AWAKE! I HAVE MURDERED, SO YOU MAY STAY WITH ME TILL MY LIFE BRIEFLY ENDS.



MOIST, HUNGERING LIPS GUIDE ALTIK BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS. AND FOR A MOMENT UNIVERSAL GOD-WARS AND VIOLENT SOCIETIES ARE FORGOTTEN, AS TWO LOVERS ARE LOST IN ONE KISS.



THIS HOUSE IS NO LONGER SAFE FOR US. THE LAW IS HARSH AND FATAL TO A WIFE WHO TAKES HAND AGAINST HER MATE. WE MUST FLEE FROM HERE.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF ALTIK THE WARRIOR, WHOSE NAME IS LEGEND IMMORTAL?

INK DARK, BREEZE-SHRIEKING FOREST ENVELOPED BOTH AS THEY MOVED TOWARD THE WEIRD DESTINY LYING AHEAD.

THEY HALTED FOR REST IN AN OPEN FIELD WHERE SLEEPING FOG CONQUERED THEM BOTH.

ALTIK...
SOMEONE COMES.

WHO IS THERE?
COME NO NEARER!
ALTIK THE CHAMPION COMMANDS!

CEASE YOUR TREMBLING, FORMER THIEF.
I AM HE WHO GAVE YOU FAME. AND NOW,
I AM FORCED TO BEG A FAVOR OF YOU.

I AM WODEN. CLOTHED
THUS SO YOU MAY NOT SEE MY DEATH-ROTTING
FEATURES. THROUGH RAGNAROK CLAIMS THE FLESH
OF ALL THE AESIR, OUR SPIRITS WANDER ACROSS
UNENDINGNESS.

WHAT BOON DO YOU SEEK, WODEN?
WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY NEED?

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO BEAUTY, FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP. I DESIRE YOUR WOMAN, ALTIK.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF ALTIK THE WARRIOR, WHOSE NAME IS LEGEND IMMORTAL?
HAVE YOU NOT? FOR IS LEGEND NOT ALWAYS...IMMORTAL?

SAD, ISN'T IT?...THE WAY MEN GENERALLY GIVE UP WHAT IS DEAREST TO THEM IN THEIR STRUGGLE FOR POWER, FAME, RICHES!
MATERIALISM IS LIKE A FOG, COVERING THE REAL GOALS ONE SEEKS!... THAT OF HAPPINESS, PEACE AND CONTENTMENT!

YOU ARE RUNNING...THAT IS ALL YOU KNOW! NOTHING EXISTED BEFORE THIS MOMENT! THE PAST IS A BLANK THERE IS NO PAST--THERE IS ONLY NOW!

PARANOIA

WH-WHERE
AM I? HOW DID
I GET HERE?

THIS CITY!
SO STRANGE!
UNREAL!

... AND
DESSERTED!

WHY AM I
RUNNING?
WHAT AM I
AFRAID OF?

THEN, YOU SEE THEM,
WAITING UP AHEAD...

YOU WANT TO TURN AND RUN THE OTHER WAY...BUT YOU CAN'T...YOU ARE FROZEN IN FEAR...



FOOL! YOU
CAN'T ESCAPE
FROM US!
WE ARE
EVERYWHERE!

YOU ARE
OURS! YOU
BELONG
TO US!

THEY REACH OUT FOR YOU...
THEIR HANDS ENTER YOUR
BODY...THEIR THOUGHTS ENTER
YOUR MIND! AND THEY PLAY
GAMES WITH YOUR INSIDES...
TWISTING, CHANGING, BUILDING...

THERE IS PAIN, OF COURSE
...PAIN WITHIN YOUR BODY
AND YOUR MIND...PAIN THAT
GROWS...THROBBING,
THROBBING... BECOMING
UNBEARABLE ...

THEN, A SHROUD CLOSES IN ON YOU, ENVELOPS YOU...
AND FINALLY, THE LIGHT IS GONE, AND THERE IS SLEEP...

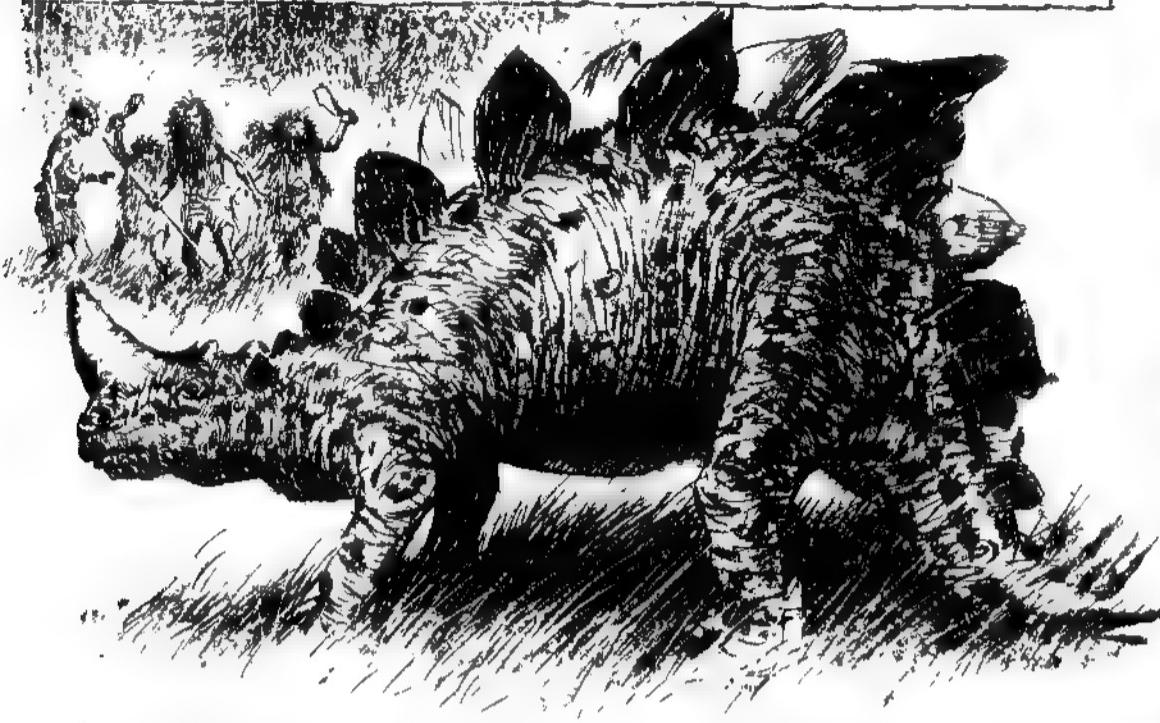


YOU AWAKE TO FAMILIAR
SURROUNDINGS! YOUR FELLOW
CAVEMEN ARE STANDING
AROUND YOU... STARING DOWN
AT YOU...

ONE OF THEM MOTIONS FOR YOU TO RISE AND COME WITH THEM!
IT IS TIME FOR THE HUNT...



SOON, YOU ARE STANDING BEFORE A HUGE BEAST! THE OTHERS RUSH TOWARD IT, BUT YOU ARE FRIGHTENED...



SLOWLY, YOU BACK AWAY... THEN SUDDENLY, YOU TURN AND RUN...



AND IT IS NOT UNTIL YOU ARE QUITE SOME DISTANCE FROM THE OTHERS THAT YOU HEAR THE SOUND... A LOW, RUMBLING SNARL...

YOU WHIRL ABOUT AND SEE ANOTHER GIANT BEAST... AND THIS ONE IS CHARGING TOWARD YOU...



FRANTICALLY, YOU RACE THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH...



BUT AS YOU LOOK BACK IN HORROR, YOU FAIL TO SEE THE CLIFF EDGE AHEAD...

YOU FALL... YOU SCREAM... AND AGAIN THE DARKNESS SETS IN...



AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW,
YOU'RE BACK WHERE YOU STARTED...

WHAT A GAS!
FUNNIEST CAVEMAN
I EVER SAW!

DID YOU SEE THE
WAY HE PANICKED
WHEN WE SENT THAT
PREHISTORIC ANIMAL
AFTER HIM!

HUH??

C'MON!
LET'S SEND
HIM BACK DOWN
TO EARTH
AGAIN!
OKAY?

BUT WHAT
WILL WE MAKE
HIM **THIS TIME?**
AND WHAT **TIME**
PERIOD ARE
WE GOING TO
SEND HIM TO?

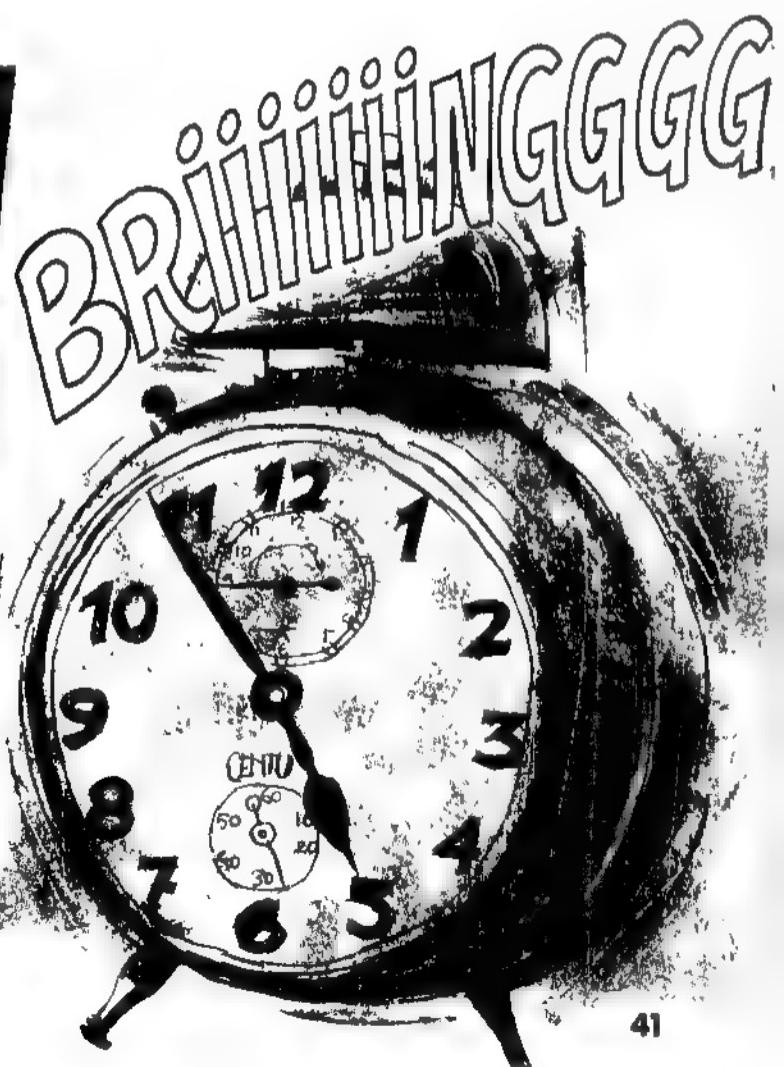
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!
WATCH
THIS!

THE CREATURE REACHES
INTO YOUR BODY. THE OTHERS
SEE WHAT HE'S DOING AND
JOIN IN... TWISTING, TURNING,
REARRANGING...

AGAIN, THERE IS PAIN...

AND THEN...

AGAIN, THERE IS
SLEEP...





THOSE
PREHISTORIC
ANIMALS!
MAN WASN'T EVEN
AROUND WHEN
THOSE THINGS
EXISTED! SO THAT
COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN REAL!

IT WAS
A DREAM!
IT HAS
TO HAVE
BEEN!

AND THOSE
MONSTERS WHO
KEPT REACHING
INTO MY BODY,
AND TWISTING
MY INSIDES
AROUND!

TO LIVE LIKE
THAT WOULD BE
HIDEOUS!
TOO HIDEOUS
TO BE REAL!

SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY, YOU
OPEN THE DOOR...



THEN, YOU BACK AWAY IN HORROR ... AND SCREAM, AS A TROLLEY CAR RACES INTO YOUR ROOM,
HEADING TOWARD YOU! SO UNREAL, SO DREAM-LIKE, AND YET IT IS HAPPENING...



AND AGAIN, THE DARKNESS COMES...

VAMPIRELLA SHORT-SHORT SHOCKER! PUPPY LOVE!

WRITTEN BY CHUCK McNAUGHTON / ART BY RICH BUCKLER

David, for all his eleven years, had never imagined so many cobwebs could be in one place at one time. Now he had here, in his own attic, more cobwebs than he'd ever seen (even counting the ones he'd seen on TV ghost shows). He sat down by an ornately-bound leather and metal clothes trunk, toppling and snapping the cobwebs by it, as if he were Gulliver sitting down beside a circus tent in Lilliput.

David had about an hour before dinnertime, an hour to study the cobwebs, and how their tickly snowy gauze felt when it came in contact with his face, especially his nose. He could stare at the eerie beauty of the shimmering threads of rainbows that cobwebs became when the light of the setting sun settled upon them, as it sneaked through the boarded-up attic windows. David was in his own heaven; he and the cobwebs, and the must, and the silence, where thoughts of school and premonitions of how his parents would scream when they saw his next report card did not intrude.

After a minute or two, the sunlight did not come so brightly to make the cobwebs shimmer anymore, and David turned his attention elsewhere. The attic was darkening, and there were no light bulbs, so if he were to get any exploring done, David must move fast. The trunk beside him looked interesting. It drew his imagination to it, and somehow all the other gadgets and googaws and packages in the attic seemed uninteresting. David imagined himself to be some sort of movie magician, as he waved his arms and the cobwebs wherever his arms swept seemed to melt into the dark air. Straightaway he unbuckled the leather straps that held the chest closed. There were no locks, oddly, but sure a lot of buckles.

Finally he hefted up the great, creaking lid.

In the chest were mainly old clothes, the kind of clothes that people in movies and TV shows set in the old days wear. Though there was no smell of mothballs, the clothes were in excellent repair. Da-



vid dug deeper into the chest. At the very bottom was a huge old book, with a leather binding. It was heavy, and it took David a couple of tries to get it lifted from the trunk.

The cover of the book had embossed in a chalky-white substance the word, "SPELLS." David could feel the book begging, "Read me!"

"I'll read you," he spoke to the book, "Tonight, later, in my room, after supper." And so David crept down from the attic to his bedroom, which was on the third floor of his house, and placed the book under his bed. Then he washed and went down to watch some TV before supper.

At supper, in the family dining room, David could sense some admonition from his parents to study hard coming before even the asparagus would be served, so he stopped it before it arrived by saying he'd had a substitute teacher in school, that day, who'd made Science interesting, and that he wanted to go up to his room that night and study Science. This statement so pleased his mother, that he got a second helping of ice cream as dessert.

And during dessert, David brought up the subject of magic, asking if it was real "Bosh," said his father, who straightaway proceeded to remember out loud a long string of amusing stories about David's eccentric great-grandfather, a reputed "town warlock," and tales of other oddball ancestors, tales which only David's mother found amusing.

So David excused himself

from the table after his second helping of ice cream, and retreated to his room. There he sat hunched upon his bed with the great book upon his knees, not moving save to turn a page, as he mumbled beneath his breath the curious phrases and foreign words in the book, over and over again, until he got them right . . .

David lost his track of the time, and had only gotten about half the book committed to memory when he observed how much easier it was to read, when the sun flushed over the pages. The sun!

David snapped to awareness. He'd been reading all night! And still on his dresser were his schoolbooks, with all his assignments unfinished. Darn! It was going to be another one of those rotten school days.

In the classroom, David had a hard time staying awake. His eyelids kept saying to each other "Let's jump his eyeballs!" and David could hardly gather stamina to prevent that fight. Mrs. Robinson, spindly old Mrs. Robinson, was clacking all over the room in her heavy old black shoes and accosting several students for not having done their homework. When David's name came resonating through her false teeth, like a fingernail scraping along a blackboard, David had just about decided to let his eyelids win, and fall asleep. So he couldn't really be annoyed; "Shut up, will you, I want to get a little rest!" he said.

The class was electrified.

Mrs. Robinson no less so. Sputtering giggles began to creep about the room as Mrs. Robinson stepped lightly in her heavy old black shoes, crept up to David's desk, and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. David managed to get his eyes open only by the time he was dragged into the hall. Mrs. Robinson was cackling how she'd call David's parents to find out just why their son never got any sleep, etc. etc.

Well, the principal certainly looked stern. David had never seen him before, and hoped he never would again. And the stern principal said to old lady Robinson that most certainly a paddling would be in order. So he reached in his desk drawer and pulled out a huge board with a handle whittled at one end, and holes drilled through the paddle part, so that the air couldn't slow down the progress of that instrument of torture as it sped toward an offending juvenile's rump. And David was forced to place his hands on the principal's office wall, and the principal placed his hands over David's so David couldn't escape—and then old Lady Robinson prepared to swing the paddle, and . . .

And suddenly David spat out the words, "REGA FLEXIS MUR!" and there was a sound in the air that can be best described as "KA-POOF!" and when that sound died away, there was the new sound of "Chirrupp! Grroooak! Chirruuupp!" and there, on the floor was a small green toad, nervously hopping from one side of the paddle to the other. And the Principal was aghast. He strode to his desk, grabbed his telephone, and asked the school switchboard operator to call the police.

"Oh no you don't!" said David, tiredly, but smugly, and he again repeated, "REGA FLEXIS MUR!" before stalking out into the hall, and then out of the school building. It was a strange sight to see a smirking boy walking down the school sidewalk, followed by two belching toads. The boy himself thought so, so he turned around, and stamped his feet, and the toads leapt

into the grass—one to the left, and one to the right. And David walked on his way. There were no monitors that day to prevent truants—Luckily for the monitors.

So David, feeling he'd finally accomplished something in the school system for once, headstrongly strolled over to the park-like stretch of forest near his family's estate. "I'll stay here until end of school," he thought, "And then go home as usual." As you can perceive, if David had been a bit smarter, he would have gone straight home, saying he'd been sent home to go to sleep. But no matter. What he did was what he did.

There amidst the trees and treestumps and logs he spotted a young girl, who appeared to be about his age—and she seemed quite preoccupied with something, but he had to get closer to figure out what. And oddly enough, she wore an old-fashioned dress, like the kind he'd found in the trunk the day before.

Upon closer inspection, he found the girl to be quite pretty, and to be methodically pulling the wings off flies.

Why, this was practically love at first sight for David! His heart in his chest just went fluttering, which he felt sure was a sign of true love (although however, it might well have been a nervous reaction brought on by lack of sleep). The girl's long hair was mostly brown, but for a streak of yellow. Her face was pretty, but she had one blue eye and one green eye, and they both sort of flashed when she suddenly looked up at David, as she said, "I'm Susy, and I'm a wicked witch," matter-of-factly.

"WOW!" thought David, "How can this be happening to me! The girl of my dreams!" Actually, David hadn't thought much about girls before, but under the circumstances, which were unusual...well.

"That's great!" said David, "I'M a sorcerer! Want to perform some magic?"

The girl looked at him strangely. "How come you're not in school?"

"Playin' hooky, and you?"

"Well, I'VE got a private tutor—who's sick," said Susy. Then she picked up a glass jarful of flies, and handed them to David. "Here, Mr. Sorcerer, use these in some of your magic potions. I'M TIRED of being a wicked witch—I think I'll be an enchanted princess for awhile."

David was thunderstruck. Over so soon? Already? "Y-you aren't REALLY a witch?"

"No, I'm really an enchanted princess. And you're beneath my dignity—beneath my social station. Goodbye."



David's head spun. "B-but this—this gift—this jar of potions!"

Susy sniffed. "Oh, that was just a fleeting sign of juvenile affection!"—Hmph!" said Susy, as she stood up and straightened out her dress, and proceeded to walk away, looking over her shoulder, "Mere PUPPY LOVE!"

David was confused and somehow hurt—in but one minute. "Well, you're SO RIGHT!" he shouted, raising his young arms and gesturing dramatically, incanting "REGA FLEXIS MUR!"

But nothing happened. The girl just stood there. "Why didn't you turn into a puppy?" demanded David, bewildered.

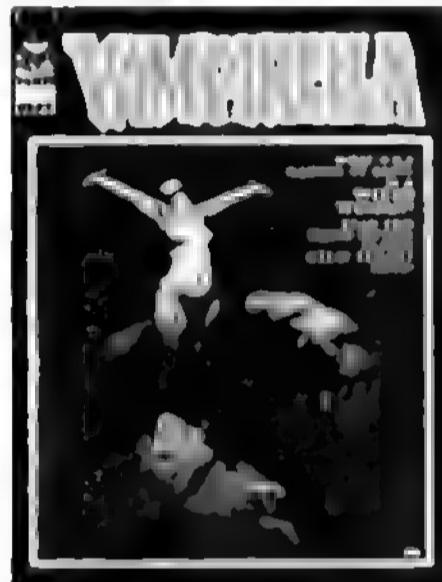
"Well, though I really truly wish I were an enchanted princess, I'm stuck with being a sorceress," sighed Susy wistfully, and then she angered, "But you just showed how you really feel for me, mean little boy. And you call yourself a sorcerer! You even used the wrong spell—REGA FLEXIS MUR only turns people to frogs! I'll show you from PUPPY LOVE!" At which she deftly raised her daintily graceful hand which scant moments before had plucked wings from flies, and she incanted "REGA HEXIS CUR!" and then gently traipsed away, leaving behind David, who had been transformed into the writhing, straining, loathsome, snarling and spitting image of CEREBUS, a nine-headed demon-dog of Greek mythology.

* * *

David certainly had a hard time trying to get all of his heads to work together. He never succeeded. In each of his 9 heads was 1/9 of his mind and memory, and everything was a helter-skelter haze of cobwebs, and frogs, and homework and a girl with one blue eye and one green eye. And he couldn't co-ordinate his 9 heads with his 4 legs, and each time he tried to take a step, he fell rudely over onto one of his snouts. But worst of all, he was hungry, and each head was hungry for something different, and the heads began growling in argument, and pandemonium ensued. And now, two of the heads were nipping at each other, biting and growling fiercely...and now the canis major teeth of one head were slashing and tearing into the jugular veins of the neck of another head, and now blood was spewing from the wound, gushing onto the green grass in violently red puddles, and David was feeling quite weak.

As he collapsed onto the ground to die, young David noted that for all his eleven years, he had never seen so much blood in one place at one time... END

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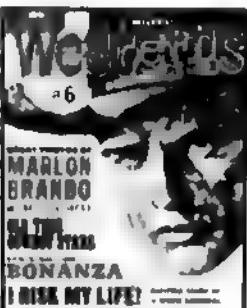
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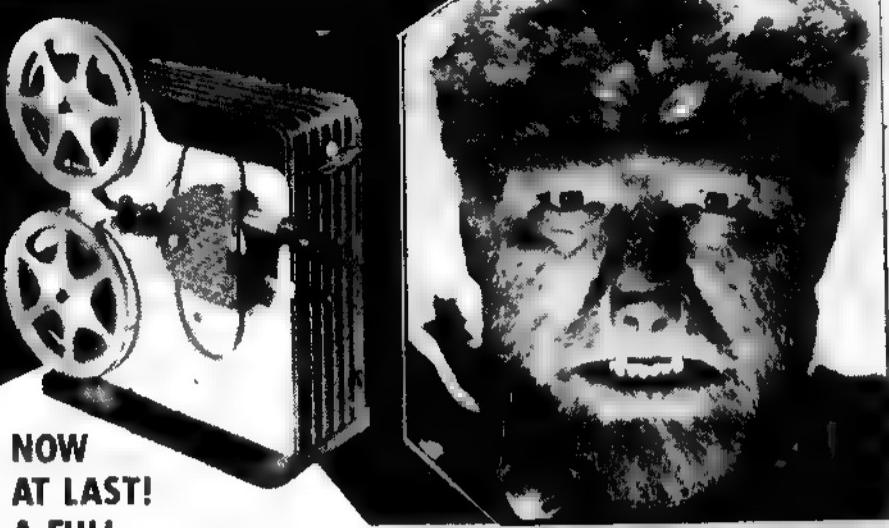


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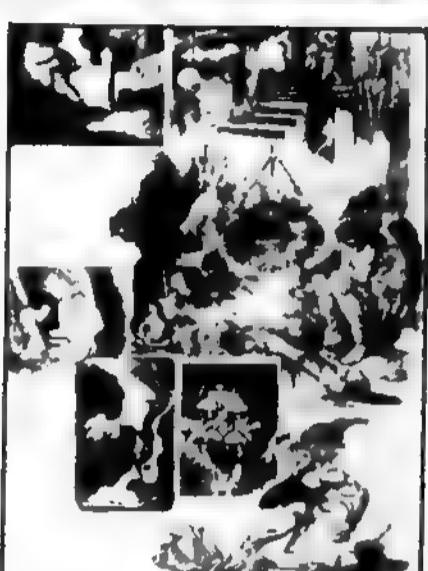
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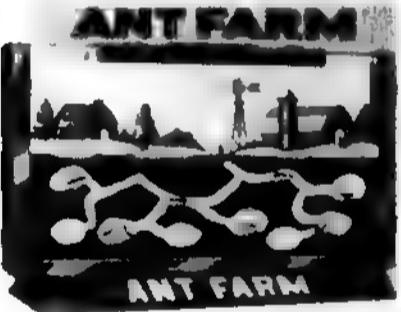
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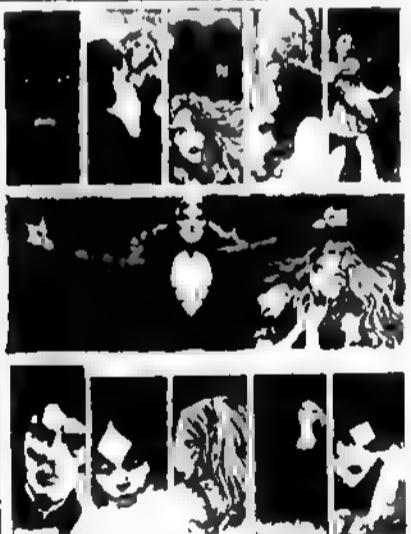
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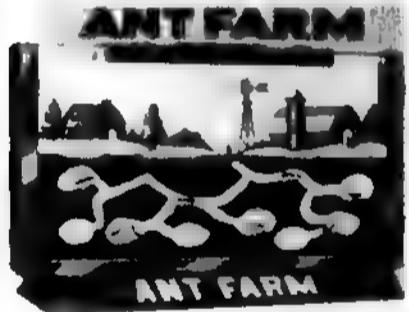
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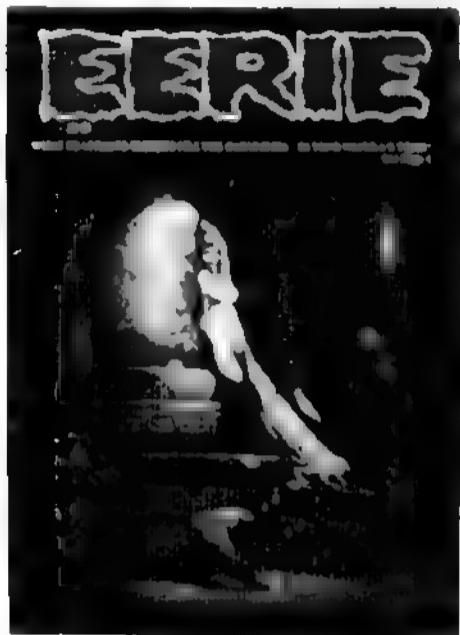
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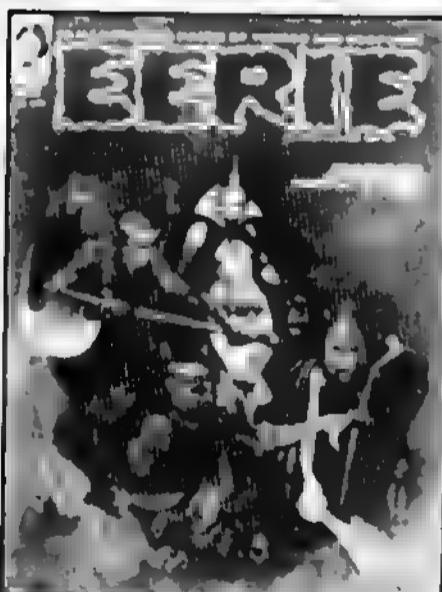
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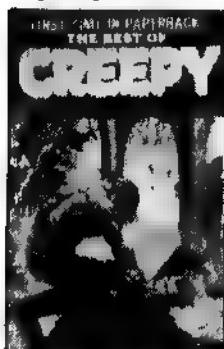
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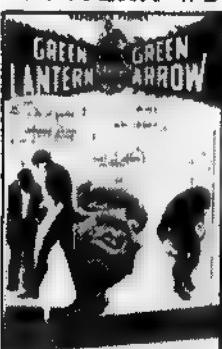
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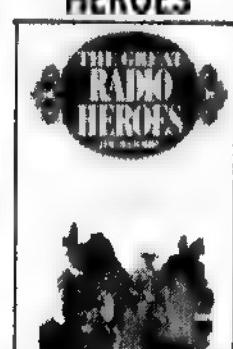
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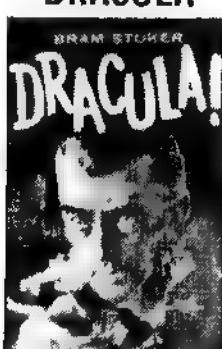
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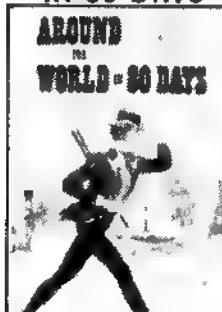
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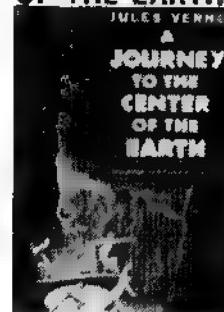
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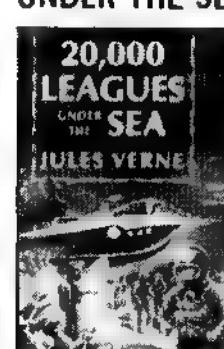
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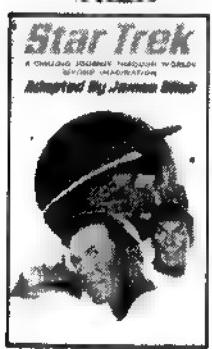
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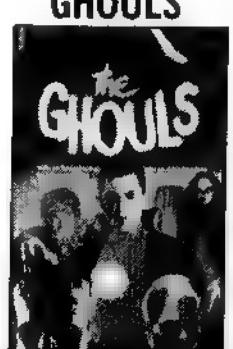
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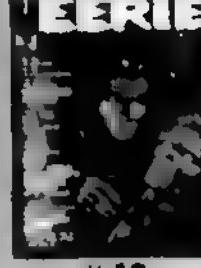
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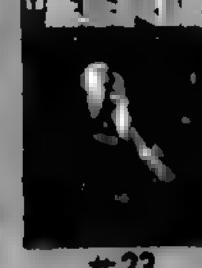
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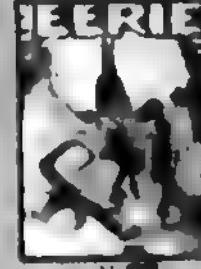
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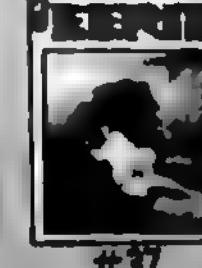
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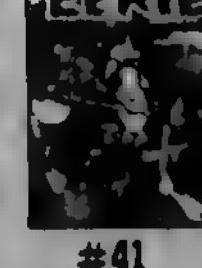
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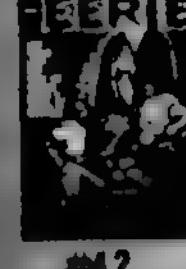
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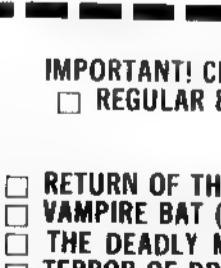
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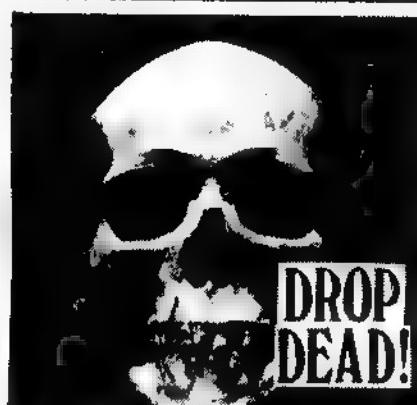
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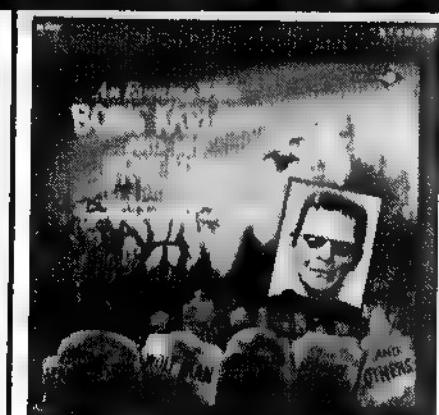
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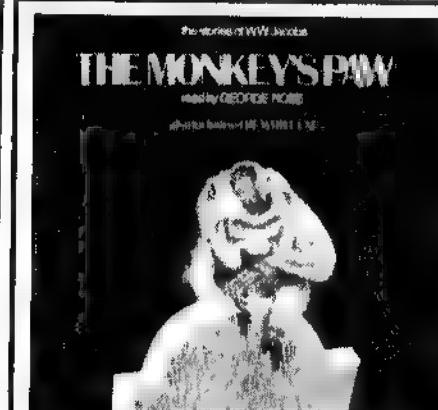
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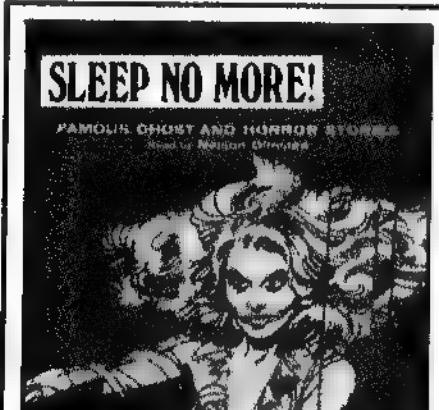
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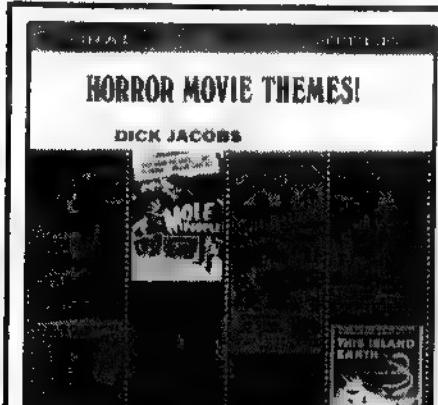
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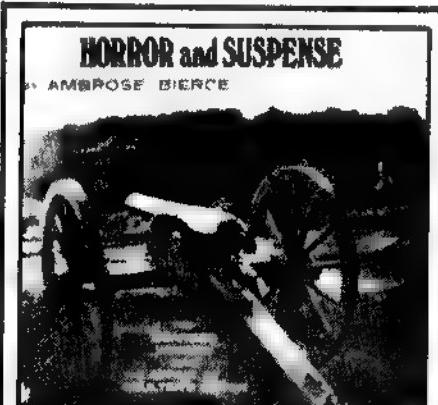
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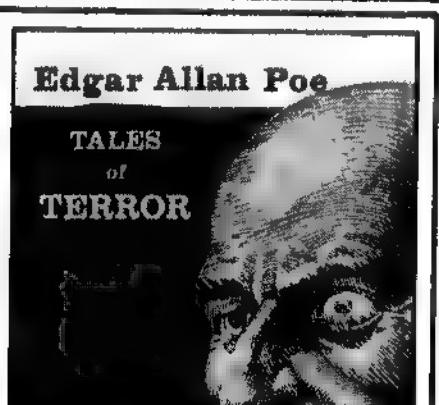
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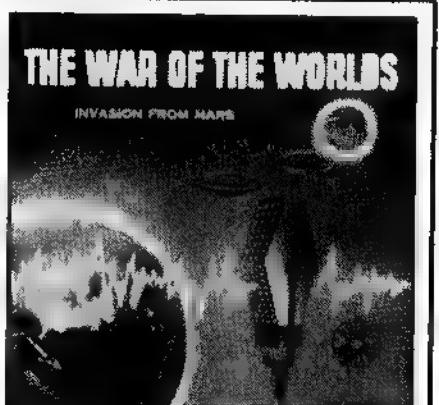
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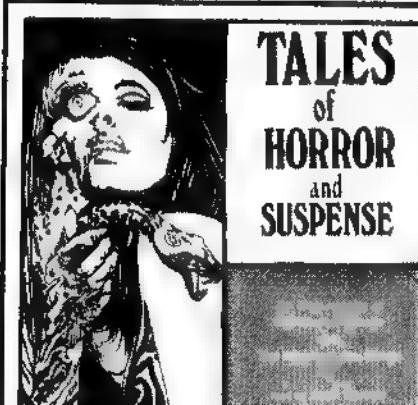
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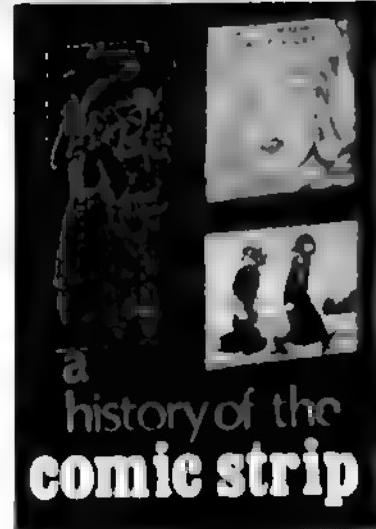
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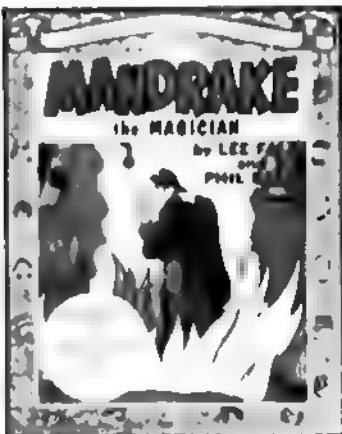
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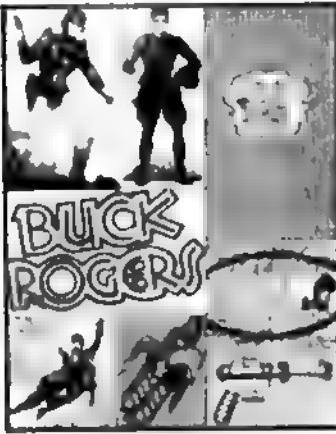
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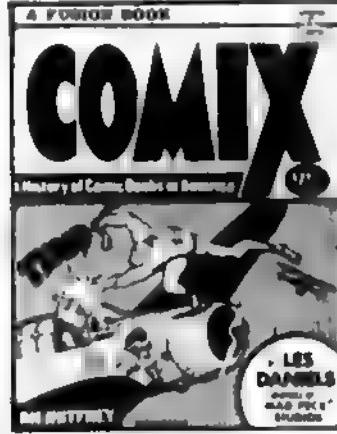
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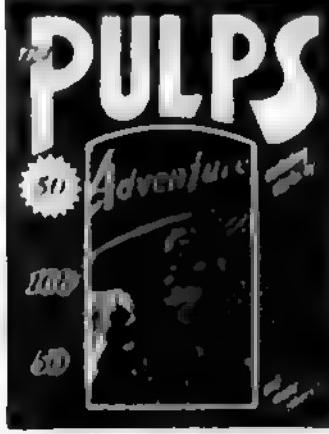
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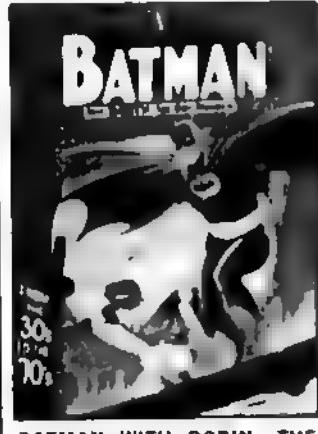
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VAMPI'S FLAMES



Enrich, whose painting of VAMPIRELLA in the desert, graces the cover of this issue.

First off, take another look at our cover. The cover which attracted you to this magazine to begin with. Then look at some of our past covers, issues #17 and #18, for example. They are all the work of one man ENRICH.

Our readers have hailed his covers as the best since Frazetta, and that issue #18 was the most beautiful Vampiella cover ever.

Yet, when we asked Enrich how he learned to paint, he shocked us by stating he never took painting lessons. We found this almost impossible to believe, and yet it was true. And when we asked about his ambitions, Enrich said, "I'm not more ambitious than anyone else." This we can definitely argue with. Enrich is a self-taught artist, and only one who has a great deal

of ambition and drive can become the master cover painter he now is.

Enrich is thirty-three years old is married and has a boy. He enjoys photography, which may explain the photographic splendor of his Vampiella covers, and for relaxation, he enjoys playing the guitar. He also goes to the movies, though not frequently, and it doesn't make much difference what kind of movie as long as it is good.

As for his art, his favorite cover painter is Bernie Fuchs (who occasionally does covers for TV Guide-ed). He enjoys drawing, but he is sorry that the field of commercial illustration seems to be disappearing. There are fewer and fewer markets and magazines publishing these days than ever before.

As for his influences, Enrich says "I've always tried to follow the classic painters, particularly the impressionists."

We asked him for a history of his career as a cover painter but Enrich modestly declined saying he would want to wait a few more years before responding... "I've only really started."

Well, we think Enrich is more than a starting painter. He is one of the most accomplished cover artists that can be found on any magazine.



Enrich's first cover painting for VAMPIRELLA illustrated a "Tomb of the Gods" episode in issue #17. His cover for VAMPIRELLA #18 portrayed Dracula and our vampiress-heroine.



A BEDTIME STORY

Tell me a story, Grandpa," Junior cried, climbing onto the old man's lap. "Well, all right," Grandpa agreed, "but just one before our bedtime snack. What would you like to hear?"

"Tell me about the humans and the zombies," the young voice said excitedly.

Grandpa smiled. It was Junior's favorite story, one he never tired of.

"All right. Sit still now." He rubbed his chin. "Let me see. How does it go?"

"It started around the year 2000," the youngster prompted.

"Oh yes. It started around the year 2000. Space travel was pretty popular back then. A colony was established on the moon. Man had traveled to Venus and Mars. They were going beyond the asteroids, too, to Jupiter and Saturn—until people got disillusioned with spending all that money, and having nothing to show for it but pictures of dead worlds. What was the good of sending people to places like that when there was so much trouble right on Earth?"

"Like overpopulation," Junior put in.

"Exactly," Grandpa agreed. "Right now, of course, we have selective breeding, but back then human beings were allowed to reproduce whenever they wanted. It was a terrible mess. Not only was there not enough food, but living conditions were awful."

"The cemeteries," the young boy prodded. "Tell me about the cemeteries, Grandpa."

"There were so many people, they needed all the space they could get for living, so they built apartments right over the cemeteries—which left them with still another problem: what to do with the new ones that died. They thought of burning them, but too many people objected. Then somebody got this bright idea."

Though Junior had heard the story many times before, he still leaned forward breathlessly to catch the old man's words.

"Why not," Grandpa went on, "put all the fresh corpses

on a space rocket and shoot it away from Earth? They could do it every few months, or however often was necessary. It would conserve the much needed living areas, and it was certainly a better reason for sending up spaceships than exploring lifeless worlds."

"So they did it," the boy said.

Grandpa laughed. "They did, indeed. Spaceship after spaceship rose on columns of fire, entering the vault of the skies to circle the universe in giant steel coffins forever. Or so the humans thought. But something happened out there in space. Call it divine intervention. The results of cosmic rays. Perhaps some radioactive star. A nova pulsing into life. Whatever the reason, the corpses returned to life. They took over the spaceship controls and headed back to Earth."

"Then what happened?"

"By that time there were almost as many living dead as there were human beings. The people of Earth called them zombies, and they were afraid. One thing was certain: both could not exist on Earth together."

"Gosh," Junior breathed.

"Time to eat," Mother called, coming into the room.

"Aw, mom, can't it wait?" Junior wailed. "Grandpa was telling me a story."

Mother smiled and playfully ruffled the boy's hair. "The same one you've heard a hundred times before, I'll bet."

"So," Grandpa, who was hungry, finished quickly, "there was a terrible war."

"And we won!" the boy said.

"Right," Grandpa agreed. "Now, let's eat."

The family gathered around the living room table. There was Grandpa and Junior, Mother and Father. Father bowed his head and gave thanks to the fates which had delivered them from destruction. Junior fidgeted, and Grandpa smacked his lips impatiently.

Then the four bent their heads over the terrified human struggling vainly against his bonds—and began eating.

CHARLES E. FRITCH

MOON-STRUCK?

Tom Soderberg of Port Clinton, Ohio, penned this bewitching portrait of VAMPI in the light of the silvery moon. Long time reader Tom writes, "I've put VAMPI under a full moon, because that's the place I'd most like to be alone with her!" Moon-struck, Tom!



THE ETERNAL THIRST

The stillness of the night was broken only by the sound of leathery wings fluttering against the warm night air. A large bird-like form became visible as it soared down toward the balcony of the ancient gothic mansion that occupied the Medina property on the outskirts of town. Gracefully it glided in to land, but pausing just beyond the railing, the huge black bat transformed into the shape of a man with his cape spread in the wind. Quietly he moved to the door and opened it without a sound. The man entered swiftly, his cape rustling in the breeze. Silently he slid behind the velvet curtain hanging in front of the door to the balcony becoming one of the many dark shadows in the night. After a time he emerged from behind the curtain and began to inch his way toward the occupied four-poster bed in the middle of the room like a cat stalking his unsuspecting prey. Closer and closer he crept, his insatiable thirst for blood urging him on. Once he paused, glancing about apprehensively as if on the verge of fleeing, but ever-present was his need for fresh blood, and the sleeping girl provided an excellent source. In a moment he was bent over the girl, his mouth opening, exposing two gleaming white fangs. His two razor-sharp teeth found their mark in the girl's soft throat. The rich life-giving fluid slowly drained from his helpless victim. After satisfying his thirst for the time being, he released his hold on her neck and retreated, leaving two small wounds in the white flesh that would be attributed to mosquitoes or some small animal. Cautiously he made his way back to the door. Once outside, he resumed his bat-like form and soared off into the night. His destiny to roam the world for all Eternity as one of the living dead.

WENDY CRABTREE



A pencil-portrait of our seductive huntress comes to us by way of Robert Randall, of Wynnewood, Okla.

IDOL OF UALIRRMA

Remote in a desert of dark charm lies an immeasurably sinister and awesome city, many-columned and wrought in dragons' teeth and pale gold. In that city where souls shrank and the grinning, over-nourished ghouls ride on a bitter wind, there dwelt a conjurer of repellent uncouthness and ghastliness. His centuried, wolfish features seemed to hold the bewildered sorcery of some ardent demon.

In a vast hall of porphyry the black-jeweled Ualirrma sat upright on a chair of chiselled ivory. His hands, like yellow mud rested unstirring upon a smooth, black table.

Besides being a wizard with a fearsomely vile reputation he was also an unparalleled collector and connoisseur of statuettes, figurines, parchment paintings, astrological artifacts, and all manner of blasphemous rarity.

One day the singularly avaricious Ualirrma acquired an idol between ten and twelve inches in height, and of shockingly extravagant workmanship. It stood on a pedestal of bloodlike stone, and its material was a dripping bluish-crimson.

It was with this acquisition that a strange song beckoned to his contemplation. He was no longer content merely to stare. A flower-wreathed, red-lipped comeliness maddened Ualirrma with alien-

shaped love. The statue was a blending of all that was granted or enveloped with amorous desire. A passionate haunting leaned upon him. A strange yearning mounted within his bosom. Ualirrma kissed it, and his kiss was returned. He devoured it with tenderness and unceasing affection. Then, something neglected and depraved dragged itself across intestine and heart. A stinking putrescence crawled about his eyelids, the leavings of carrion devoured his tongue and edged into his nostrils.

When the stars dimmed, the valet Lucan entered the hall of porphyry in fear of a strange dream. The conjurer Ualirrma he could not find, though he had not seen his master retire by common way. On the carpeted floor the youth found an exceptional figurine. The statue was a compound of glutinous decay oozing over a shredded, half-eaten flesh. Pupil-less eyes were teeming with gorged maggots and worms. Lucan shut his eyes. He did not take note of the other statuette, composed of coppery-colored wood and standing several feet from the writing-table. It remained on the sable carpet as an object of radiant tenderness and infamy; and as a strikingly young and half-legendary sorcerer.

MICHAEL BENITEZ



VAMPIRELLA riding the head of a reptile creature comes from the fertile imagination of Tim Grotz of Allentown, Pa.

...AND MAY HE REST IN PEACE!

Chuck hated to admit it, but what he really felt at the funeral more than anything else, was boredom. He knew he should be upset, but he was not. Instead he felt oddly empty and rather chilly. He looked at the sad, tearful faces around him and wished they could feel as unaffected as he did. He felt especially sorry for his mother who was leaning against her husband's arm and crying. Chuck hoped that she would recover soon.

The preacher finished speaking and closed the book gently. Chuck watched and waited in the heavy silence as the casket was carried out. He walked with the grim procession out to the graveyard and watched them place the casket in a deep hole. As they began piling dirt on top of it, Chuck wondered why he was bored when he should be horrified. It was, after all, his funeral.

SHIRLEY D. SIPE

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THE CASTLE STANDS IN THE
MIDST OF TOWERING TREES, ITS
TURRETS THRUSTING FORTH
FROM THE FOLIAGE. IT BELONGS
TO ANOTHER AGE. IT REFLECTS
A STRANGE COMBINATION OF
EARLY HOLLYWOOD GOTHIC AND
A NOBLE EUROPEAN HERITAGE.

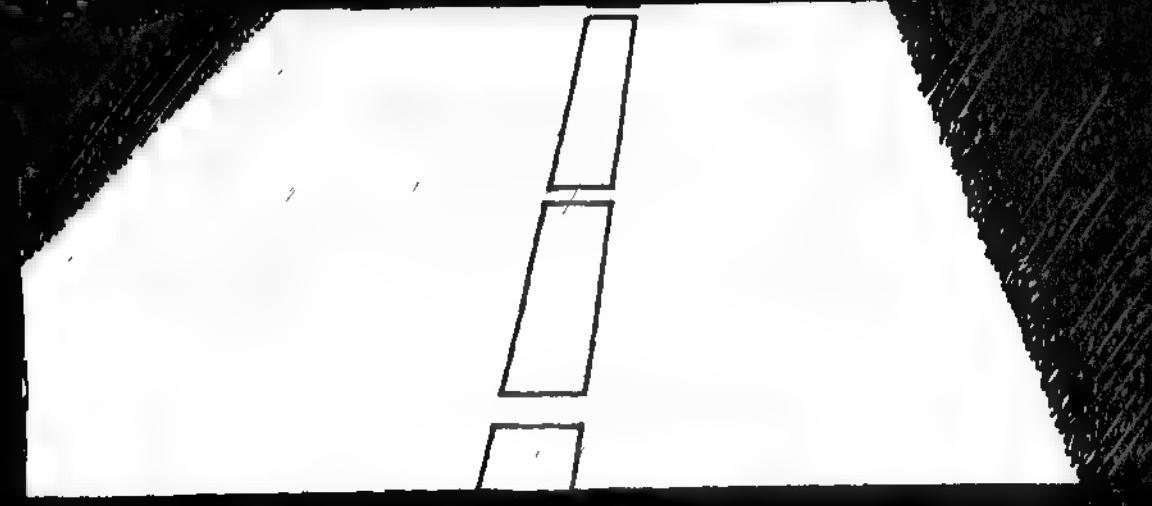
BUT THIS IS NOT TRANSYLVANIA,
AND THE CASTLE STANDS NOT
FAR FROM THE GREY POLLUTION-
STAINED SKIES OF NEW YORK CITY.
IT IS A RELIC, AND, AS SUCH, IT
STANDS ANONYMOUSLY AMONGST
THE BIRCH AND PINE. PERHAPS
WAITING TO CARRY ON A
TRADITION.

THIS IS GREYSTONE CASTLE,
AND IT IS VERY MUCH A TWEN-
TIETH-CENTURY REALITY. IT
STANDS ALONE AND SEEMINGLY
DISCARDED. THERE ARE MORE
IMPORTANT AFFAIRS IN THE
WORLD TODAY THAN MONUMENTS
TO DAYS LONG FORGOTTEN. YET,
THERE IS AN ECHO HERE OF
DISTANT HORRORS.



THE VAMPIRESS STALKS THE CASTLE THIS NIGHT

AND ON NIGHTS WHEN THE
ELEMENTS OF NATURE TURN
CHAOTIC, THE ECHO IS MAGNIFIED,
AND STILLNESS BECOMES,
MORE THAN EVER, A SYMBOL
OF ITS PATIENCE. THERE IS AN
ODD FEELING THAT PERVADES
THE AREA AND DEFINES THE
NATURE OF THAT WAITING AS
ANTICIPATION. THERE IS NEW
PREY ABOUT.

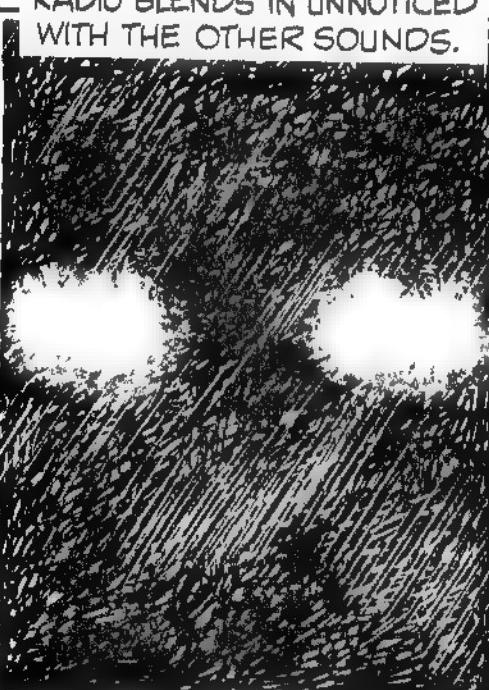


THE WET MACADAM WHISTLES HOLLOWLY
UNDER THE TIRE TREADS....



WINDSHIELD WIPERS, SWEEPING MONOTONOUSLY BACK AND FORTH, PROVIDE AN ALMOST HYPNOTIC ACCOMPANYMENT.

THE TWO PEOPLE DRIVE IN SILENCE. STATIC FROM THE RADIO BLENDS IN UNNOTICED WITH THE OTHER SOUNDS.



DONALD CARPENTER AND SANDRALEE DEVENS ARE AWARE OF THE ISOLATION ABOUT THEM.

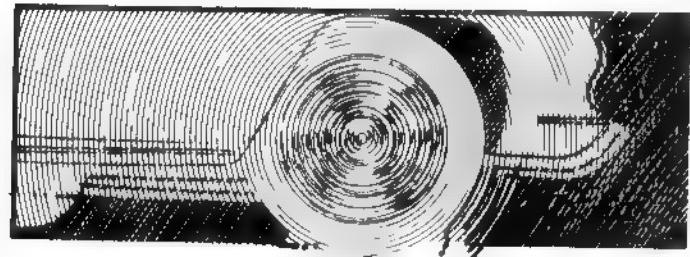


DAMN IT!!! THIS ROAD
SEEMS TO GO ON FOREVER! JUST
TREES AND MORE TREES!

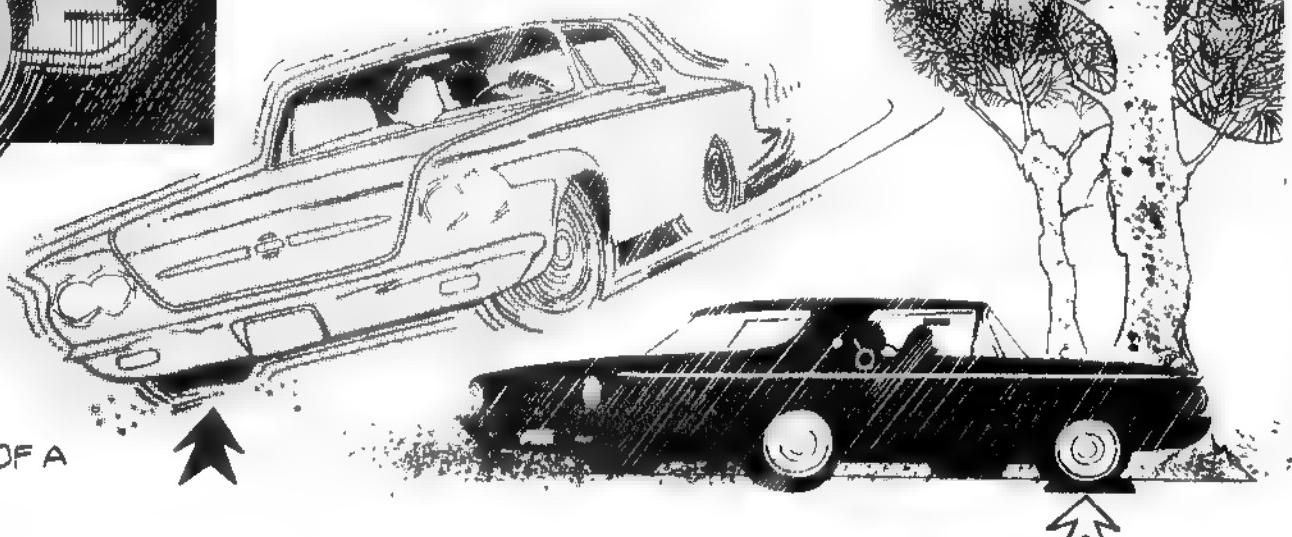


WHAT DOES
IT MATTER? WE
HAVEN'T ANY
REAL PLACE
TO GO?

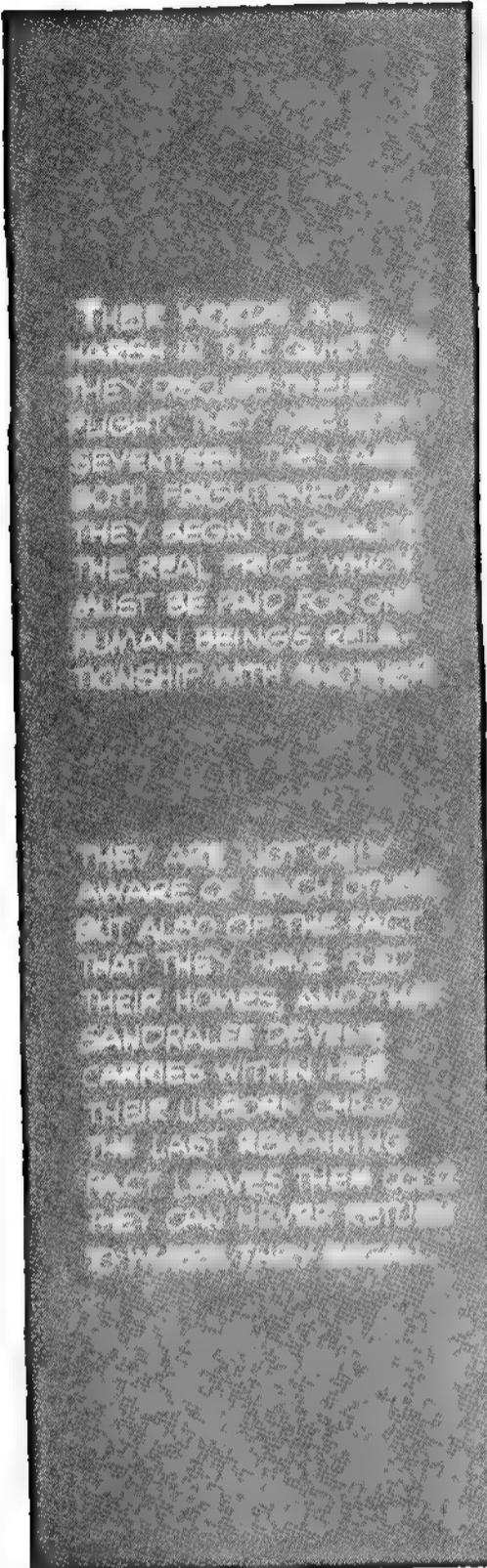
FORGET HOW THAT NIGHT SEEKS
ONLY A HAZY MEMORY,
REPLACED WITH A TODAY....



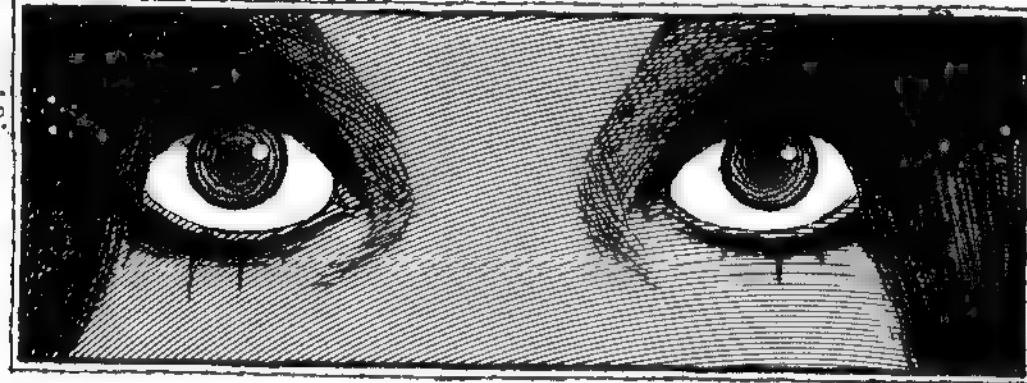
FORGET THE LOST DESPAIR
IN HER VOICE, DONALD
CARPENTER. STOP COMPAR-
ING THAT MELANCHOLY NOTE
WITH THAT HUSKY, SENSUAL
VOICE WHICH WAS ONE PART OF A
DISTANT NIGHT.



...HEAVY AND GREY AS
THE NIGHT SKY.



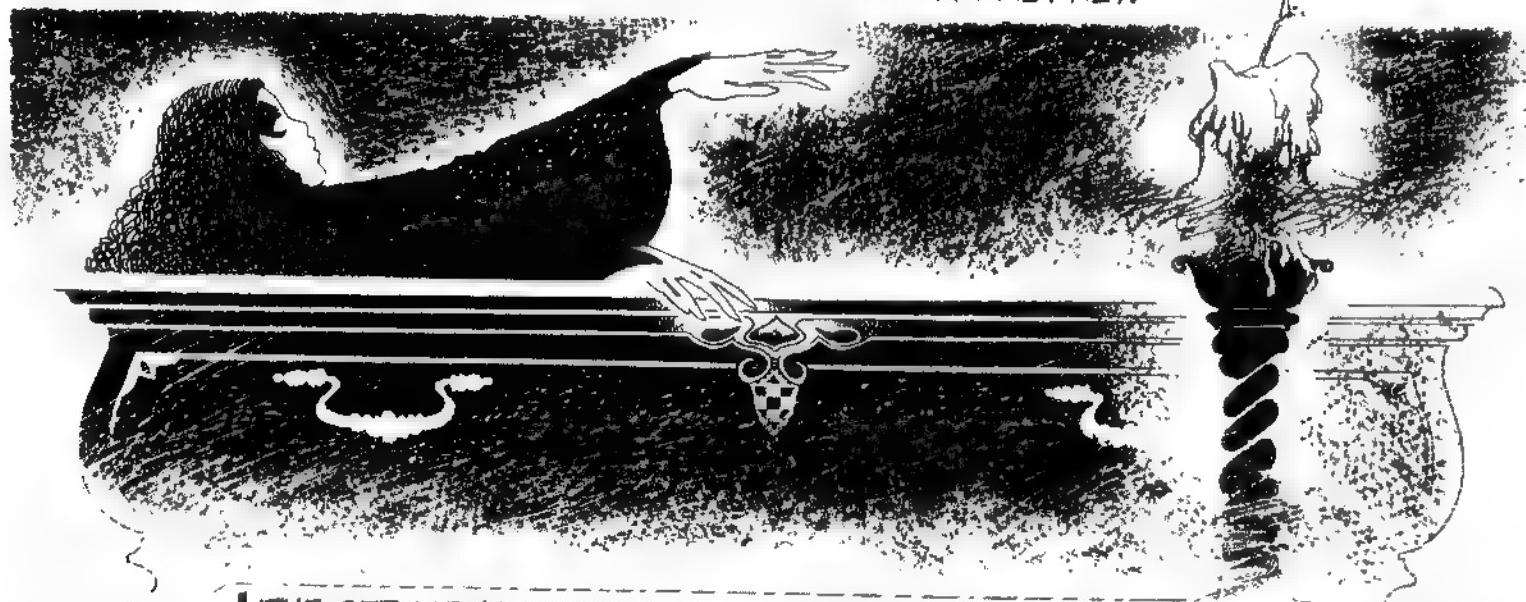
THERE IS ONE OTHER CREATURE STIRRING THIS NIGHT.



HER NAME IS CHRISTINA GREYSTONE.



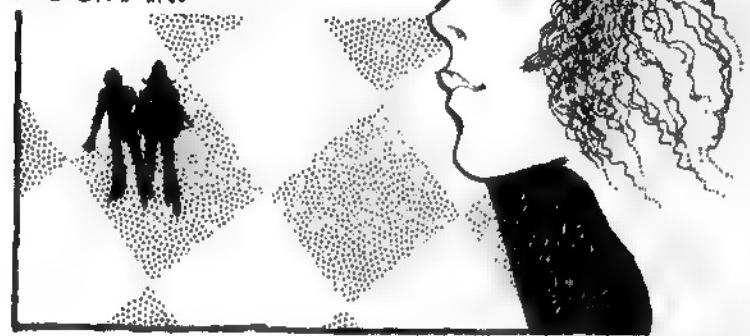
NOW SHE AWAKENS TO ANOTHER NIGHT OF SEEKING NOCTURNAL PREY.



LITHE, SEDUCTIVE, IN THE FAINT
MOONLIGHT, SHE APPEARS MUCH AS SHE DID WHEN
LIFE PULSED THROUGH HER VEINS.



SHE MOVES TO ONE OF THE ANCIENT WINDOWS,
BARELY REMEMBERING HER PAST, CONCERNED
ONLY WITH THE PRESENT; AND
THE PRESENT REVEALS TWO
FRAIL DARK FORMS MOVING
THROUGH THE TREES TOWARD
HER DOMAIN.



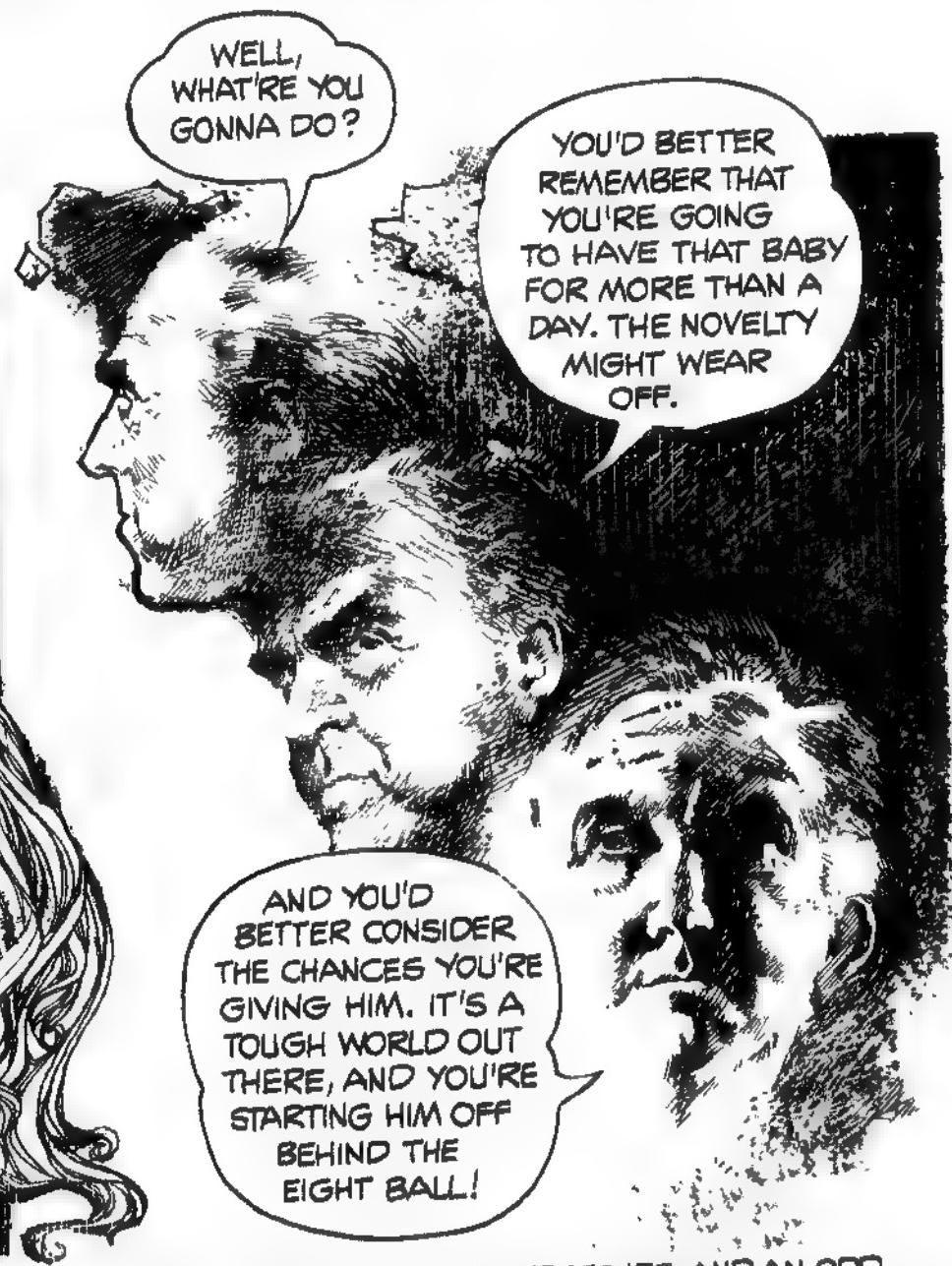
DONALD CARPENTER IS STILL THINKING OF THAT NIGHT. IT IS STRIPPED OF ITS ROMANTICISM NOW, ALL THAT IS LEFT IS THE UNBORN REALITY. AS THEY WALK TO THE CASTLE, AS HE HEARS HIS OWN VOICE IN THE STILLNESS, EVEN AS HE MARVELS AT THE IMMENSITY OF STONE BEFORE THEM, HE FEELS A MIXTURE OF EMOTIONS: UNCERTAINTY, MOMENTS OF HOSTILITY SPRINGING FORTH FROM A SENSE OF OPPRESSION, AND A FIERCELY PROTECTIVE SENSATION TOWARD THIS GIRL-WOMAN WHO WALKS HESITANTLY BESIDE HIM.



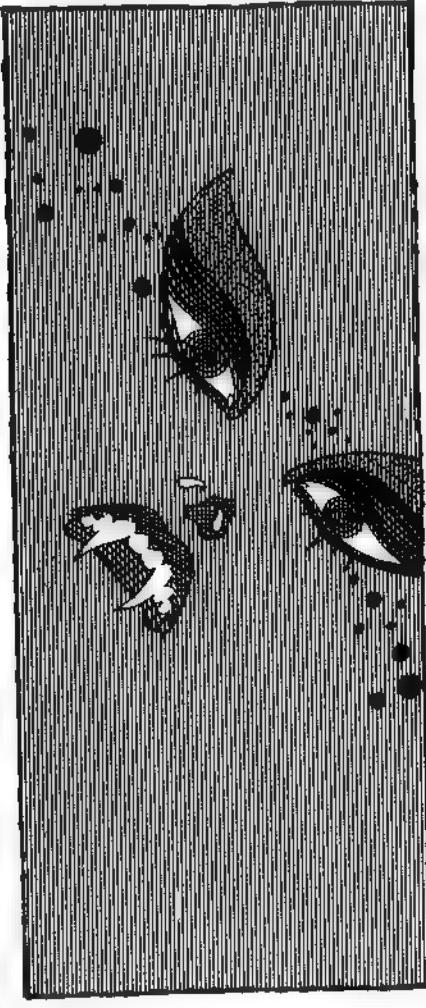
THE VAMPIRESS CAN BARELY CONTROL HERSELF. SANDY'S SLENDER WHITE THROAT HYPNOTIZES HER, TEMPTING HER TO FORGET CAUTION. YET, CAUTION DOES NOT DESERT HER, AND COMES TO HER WITH THE CUNNING OF THE ANIMAL. SHE MANAGES TO KEEP HER VOICE FROM TREMBLING.



NOW SANDRALEE DEVENS IS WALKING THROUGH THE DIMLY LIT ROOM. PERHAPS, IF HER PAST WERE NOT SO VIVIDLY WITH HER AS SHE GAZES ABOUT, SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN AWARE OF THE FORBIDDING ATMOSPHERE OF GREYSTONE CASTLE. BUT THE PAST IS WITH HER AND DULLS HER SENSES. SHE REMEMBERS HER FATHER'S FACE, HEARS AGAIN HIS WORDS OF THE EVENING BEFORE WHEN SHE AND TOMMY TOLD HER PARENTS ABOUT THE BABY...



CHRISTINA GREYSTONE FEELS THE FAMILIAR SURGING IN HER VEINS. CARTILAGE STRETCHES AND AN ODD BIOLOGICAL REACTION BEGINS.





IN MOMENTS NOW, THE FAMILIAR SENSATION WILL OCCUR. CHRISTINA'S STRONG, THIN HANDS WILL HOLD THE YOUNG GIRL HELPLESS AS HER TEETH DIP INTO THE GIRL'S NECK, SEEKING THE JUGULAR VEIN.



FEAR BECOMES CERTAINTY. DOES IT REALLY MATTER SO MUCH, SANDRA DEVENS? DOES THE FUTURE HOLD SO MUCH PROMISE?

WHY STRUGGLE? WHY STRUGGLE FOR A LIFE SO DOUBTFUL?

HOW MUCH CAN IT HURT? IT WILL BE NO MORE THAN A MOMENT OF SEARING PAIN.

WHAT DIFFERENCE CAN IT MAKE?



THE SCENT OF THE FEMALE VAMPIRESS IS STRONG IN HER NOSTRILS AND SWEEPS ASIDE THE SELF-PITY. YES, IT IS WORTH LIVING. THERE IS STILL PROMISE. AND SHE IS NO LONGER SURE WHETHER SHE HAS THE RIGHT TO THE DECISION OF LIFE OR DEATH NOW THAT IT IS NOT ONLY HER LIFE THAT IS THREATENED.



REMEMBER AND STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, FIGHT TO RETAIN THAT LIFE, AND GROW STRONG IN THAT FIGHT, FOR TWO LIVES, NOT ONE ARE DEPENDENT UPON THE OUTCOME.



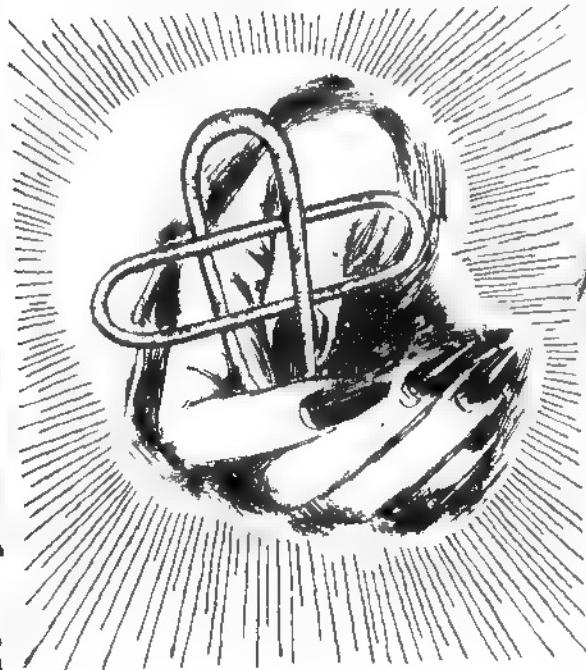
REMEMBER THE VAMPIRE'S WEAKNESS. CROSSES! THE SYMBOL OF GOOD AS OPPOSED TO THE SYMBOL OF EVIL. BUT YOU HAVEN'T ANY SUCH CROSS, DO YOU? OR DO YOU?



DOES IT MATTER WHAT SIZE THE SYMBOL OR IS IT THE SYMBOL ITSELF WHICH IS IMPORTANT?

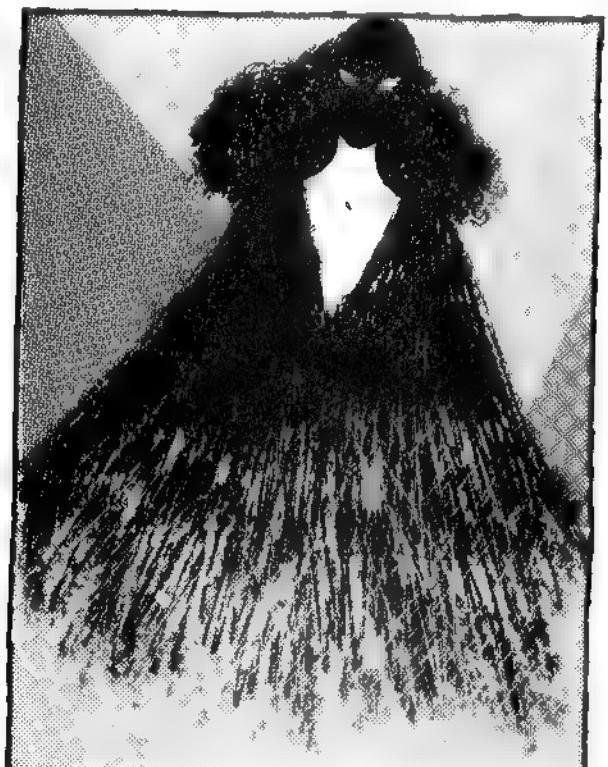


DOES IT MATTER OF WHAT THE SYMBOL IS MADE, POLISHED SILVER OR GOLD-PLATED BRONZE, OR IS IT THE FORM THAT IS IMPORTANT?



THE VAMPIRESS' SHRIEKS ECHO OFF THE DOMED CEILINGS IN REPLY, AND SANDRALEE DEVENS FORGETS ABOUT THE MIRACLE TAKING PLACE WITHIN HER AND WITNESSES A TRANSFORMATION THAT DEFIES ANYTHING IN HER EXPERIENCE.





DONALD CARPENTER WATCHES THAT TRANSFORMATION IN REVERSE. THE FRAGILE REALITY OF HIS MIND CAN BARELY ACCEPT THE FLUID CHANGE FROM FEMALE TO NOCTURNAL CREATURE.



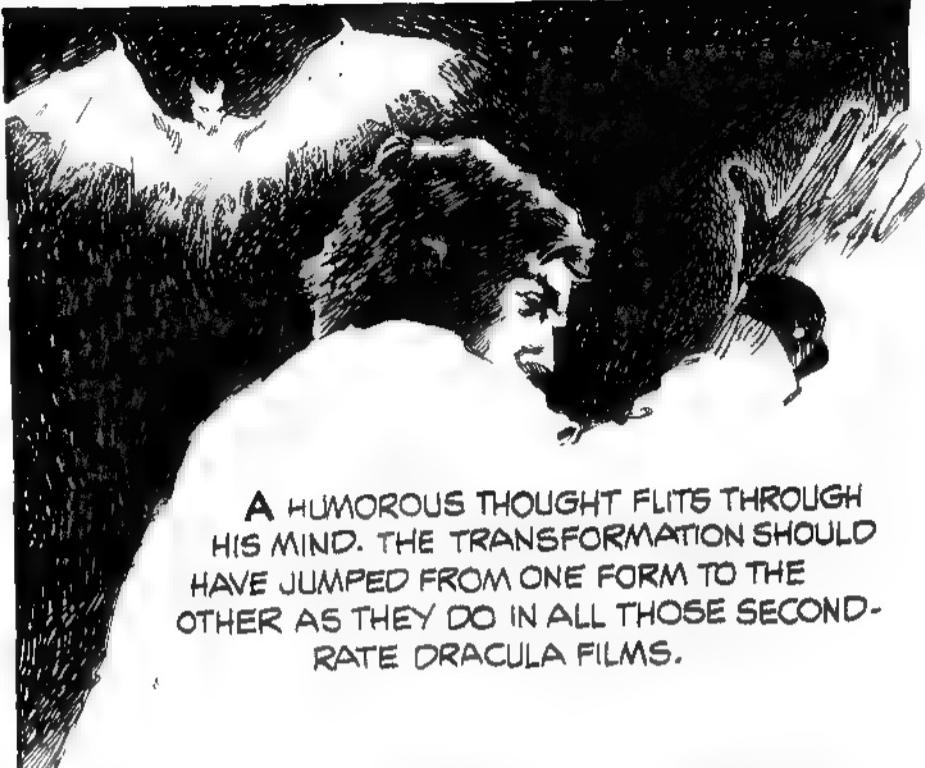
VIOLENT SOUNDS ECHO OFF THE SILENT WALLS: THE BEATING WINGS AGAINST THE AIR, THE DULL IMPACT OF STUMBLING FLESH, THE HIGH-PITCHED SHRILL OF THE ATTACKING SHE-CREATURE.



THERE ISN'T TIME TO WONDER HOW THIS CAN BE HAPPENING. RAZOR TEETH SHRED FLESH AND THE PAIN STIMULATES ACTION.



A HUMOROUS THOUGHT FLITS THROUGH HIS MIND. THE TRANSFORMATION SHOULD HAVE JUMPED FROM ONE FORM TO THE OTHER AS THEY DO IN ALL THOSE SECOND-RATE DRACULA FILMS.



HE LASHES OUT, STRIKING, SOB-BING, BRIEF IMAGES OF SANDRA-LEE SOMEHOW APPEARING IN THE CONFUSION.

SOMEHOW, HE MANAGES TO GRIP THE VICIOUS FORM. HIS FINGERS ARE WET WITH BLOOD, YET HE HOLDS ONTO THE STRUGGLING, SUDDENLY FEARFUL BEING IN HIS HANDS.



IN TERROR, HE REACHES OUT FOR ANYTHING WHICH MIGHT AID HIM IN DEFEATING THIS CREATURE.



THE WOODEN HANDLE OF THE FLAG-STAFF SLAMS SAVAGELY DOWN ONTO THE PULSING CHEST BELOW. OVER AND OVER, HE FEELS HIMSELF SLAMMING THAT POINT OF WOOD DOWN...



PERHAPS IT IS ONLY A TEMPORARY INSANITY THAT HAS HELD HIM. HE STAGGERS AWAY, NOT WANTING TO WITNESS HIS OWN SAVAGERY. THE SIGHT WILL STAY WITH HIM, HE KNOWS, LURKING JUST BEHIND HIS CLOSED EYE-LIDS.





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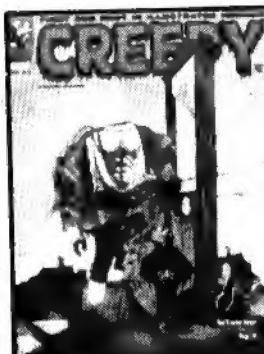
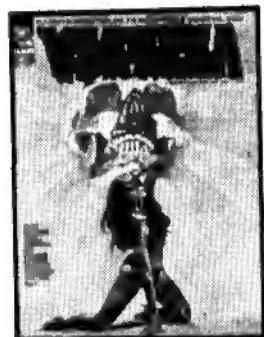
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ON SALE DECEMBER 19

CONTINUED FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER

NIGHT, AND THE LOVELY ROXANNE HAS SNUCK INTO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

BOTTOMS UP,
DOCTOR! HERE'S
TO THE
SUPERIORITY OF
THE SEXES!

THE COOL LIQUID SLIDES THROUGH HER SYSTEM, AND SUDDENLY ROXANNE FINDS HERSELF IN A ROOM THAT MOVES...SHAKES...WRITHES IN COLORFUL MOTION!



COLORS WHICH FORM INTO HIDEOUS MONSTERS... SALIVATING CREATURES WHICH EXCEED ANYTHING EVER CREATED BY IMAGINATION...



THERE SHE IS,
DOC! B... BUT
WHAT'S AIN'
HER?!

MY GOD! SHE'S TAKEN THE
EXPERIMENTAL HALLUCINIGEN...
SHE THINKS WE'RE MONSTERS
OF SOME KIND!

NO! GET AWAY
FROM ME...
MONSTERS!
MONSTERS!

BUT THE 'MONSTERS' WOULDN'T STAY AWAY! THEY SEIZED HER, SUBMITTED HER TO EXTENSIVE TREATMENTS TO COUNTERACT THE MIND-EXPANDING EFFECTS OF THE DRUG SHE SO FOOLISHLY HAD TAKEN! FINALLY, THEY LOCKED HER AWAY...



ROXANNE SIMMONS DIED IN A CALIFORNIA HOME FOR THE INSANE ON AUGUST 11, 1927, ONE OF THE FIRST EXPERIMENTERS WITH THE HALLUCINATORY DRUGS THAT PLAGUE OUR WORLD TODAY...! BUT WAS ROXANNE REALLY HALLUCINATING, OR DID THE DRUG EXPAND HER MIND... LETTING HER SEE THE TRUE IMAGE OF MAN...?

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